

# Texas Siftings.

VOL. 13—No. 13.  
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NEW YORK AND LONDON, JULY 26, 1890.

10 Cents a Copy.  
\$4 per year in Advance.



## PLEASURES OF A SUMMER HOME BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

JONES HAS A SUMMER VILLA BY THE SEA, BUT IS COMPELLED TO COME TO TOWN FREQUENTLY FOR A NEW COOK. HIS FRIENDS ENJOY THE SPECTACLE, BUT JONES DOESN'T.



# Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter.

ALEX. E. SWEET,  
A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

J. ARMOY KNOX, } Manager.  
A. A. BERGER, } Ass't Mgr.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1890.

TEXAS SIFTINGS can be obtained wholesale at all wholesale News Depots and at 10 cents a copy on all News Stands.  
TEXAS SIFTINGS will be supplied to Newsdealers by any of the wholesale News Companies.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4.00  
Foreign countries..... 75c. extra  
All subscriptions must be paid in advance.  
Send money by express money order, post-office order or registered letter to

TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO.,  
47 John Street, New York.

The English edition of Texas Siftings is printed and published weekly in London, at the office of the Texas Siftings Publishing Co., 4 East Harding Street.

Persons desiring to have MSS. returned or communications answered, must inclose a stamped envelope with their address thereon.

Eds. Texas Siftings.

## IN A. MINER'S KEY.

A KICKING gun is rarely discharged cured.

AN after-dinner speech—waiter, bring me the tooth-picks.

THERE are many ups and downs in the life of an elevator boy.

THERE is thunder all around the Skye, when the little terrier runs mad.

BRILLIANT weddings do not always make people shine in subsequent life.

"How do you feel now?" asked the sledge-hammer.  
"All broken up," replied the scrap-iron.

The things you don't wish for you always can get;  
Those folks like you best, whom you cordially hate;  
The more fun you're having, the louder you fret;  
The greater your hurry, the longer you wait.

THE champion runner of Scotland is named Cannon, and he runs as if he were shot out of one.

You get no butter from cream until you work it! It is something that way with a free-lunch route.

STUDENT medals are all right, but if a student meddles with too many things his studies will be interfered with.

IN July and August every family in New York can have a house-warming without additional expense, except for ice.

LOVERS are slow about proposing this summer. Owing to the high price of the commodity, they hesitate about breaking the ice.

THE man who enjoys the most intimate relations with some popular man does not always enjoy the intimate relations of himself.

Now is the time when the poor little minnows  
Swell into whales—in the fisherman's stories;  
And he who murders the smallest brown lizard,  
Invests the dead with a rattlesnake's glories.

WHEN Jay Gould wills away his various lines of railroads to his family, it will be "hoping that these few lines will find you well," etc.

CRICKET players are said to be "no good" after forty, but Maggie Mitchell plays Cricket on the Hearth as well as she did fifty years ago.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer has an article on Thunderstorm Lore. Are thunder storms lower this season than usual? They have been rather scarce so far.

WHEN you read about a Mussulman killing a Christian in Turkey, you are not bound to conclude that the former was a man of muscle, or the latter particularly pious.

STEAM power has reduced the necessary hours of labor to one hour as compared to ten, yet a man is compelled to walk the floor just as many hours at night to quiet a crying baby as he did in the time of our first parents.

BUT.

BY FANNIE PAVEY MAC HARG.



Might share the winsome grace of dainty Nell;  
While I suspect that Julie's smile so gay  
May come to haunt my dreams for many a day.  
And Juno Madge! Who would not thrill with pride  
To tread life's onward pathway by her side!  
Ah, Ethel, sweet, of all you are most fair,  
But your papa is not a millionaire.

SHE.

At last he's reached the point. I've answered yes.  
There's no more to be said, still I confess  
I hoped De Cameron would first propose,  
But he's so very slow, and goodness knows  
I dare not through another season wait,  
(For coming Christmas, I'll be twenty-eight).  
I've heard that Charles has but a slender purse,  
But after all, it might be so much worse.

His mustache is superb, his eyes are fine,  
And all the girls declare his voice divine.  
He's always taking some new heart by storm,  
But once wed, he'll undoubtedly reform.  
He really was quite taking on his knees,  
I wonder if he still will strive to please!  
One can't expect to always bill and coo,  
But we'll get on as other people do.

At last the wedding day. The happy pair  
In dress and style *au fait*, to church repair;  
Kneeling before the altar, they rehearse  
The vows that bind for better or for worse.  
The organ's voice rings forth its joyous peal,  
They face the music now, for woe or weal.  
The minister has made them one indeed,  
But bless me! What a life that one will lead!



## AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

MRS. CHATTY—Oh, yes, I have been there, and I can assure you that most of the people in the tropics sleep during the afternoon.

MRS. WEARY (yawning)—What an awful amount of senseless gabble they must escape!

## THE GREATER NEW YORK.

The movement to unite New York, Brooklyn and Staten Island in one great city is growing in strength daily. The census gives Chicago second place among the cities of this country, and unless something is done to head it off the Windy City will rank first in population ere long. This will never do. New York must not yield her supremacy as the great metropolis, even if we be compelled to take everything in as far up the Hudson as Albany. Now is the time to apply for place in the coming metropolis of the world, as New York will surely be if we adopt a united and uniting policy. Cities, villages and hamlets desirous of becoming a part of the greater New York are requested to send in their application for position as early as possible. Do not procrastinate. Remember that the earliest in the field will secure first attention. Don't hold back because you are small and insignificant, for in the race against Chicago and Cook county every little helps. Step up, Pelham; press forward, Mamaroneck; lift up your head, Flatbush, and come to the front, Oyster Bay. Kings, Queens, Westchester and Richmond Counties, stand up and be counted. Yours for consolidation.

## DIS DEBAR IN ROME.

To be in Rome and in trouble at the same time has often happened. The Dis Debar woman, who painted spirit portraits for her wealthy patron, Mr. Marsh, and who spent some months on Blackwell's Island for trying to get Mr. Marsh's property away from him, is in the above-named predicament. She went to Rome, she says, for "absolution for the Marsh demonstration of my medical powers," whatever they were; but this was refused until such powers were thoroughly tested by the office of the Holy Inquisition. After giving some twenty phenomenal test séances at the Vatican, as she affirms, she was refused absolution unless she would agree to retire into a cloister, and consecrate her wonderful powers to the use of the Roman Church. "I emphatically declined," she says, "to retire into a monastery or work miracles to order." That very night she was arrested, at the instigation of the Church, she avers, and she appeals to the American public to make up a purse to help her out of her embarrassments. Think of it, the powers of Rome and the Vatican arrayed against the timid, shrinking Dis Debar, ex-spook painter of New York! But our advice is to accept the cloister. As Hamlet says, "Get thee to a nunnery, and quickly, too. Farewell."

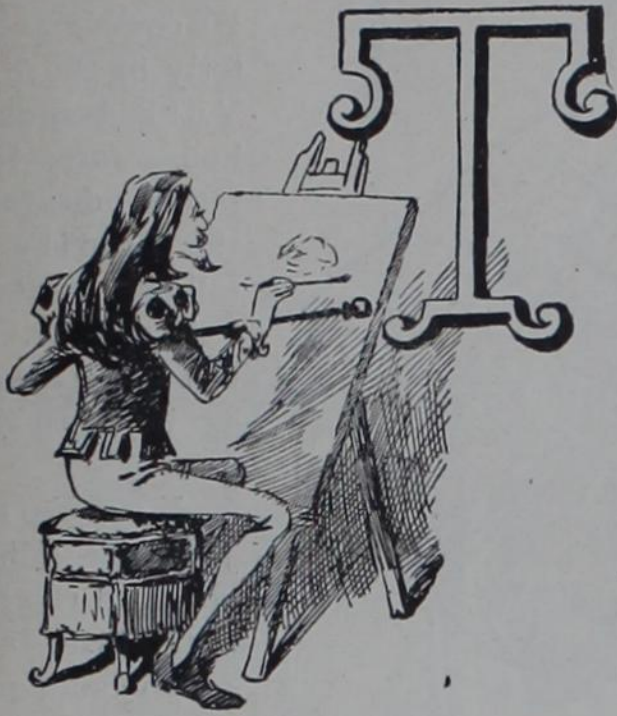
THERE was much emulation among enumerators as to who could take the census most expeditiously, but as a senses taker whisky still stands at the head.



# A HISTORY OF FRANCE. FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XXXVIII.



THE title which Francis I. bore was, Father of Letters and the Arts, which he wore deservedly, as he was a great promoter of the intellectual revival which marked that period. He was the friend and patron of men of letters, painters and sculptors. He induced the great artists, Leonardo

da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto to leave Italy and settle in Paris, and it was under his patronage the sculptors Benevenuto Cellini and Jean Goujon made their great reputations.

On a prominent avenue in Paris, called Cours de la Reine, or Queen's Drive, is a house known as the *Maison du Francois*, built by this monarch for his sister Margaret of Navarre, which is a pleasing example of Renaissance architecture. It stood near Fontainebleau originally, and was removed in fragments to Paris and re-erected on its present site in 1826. Jean Goujon did the ornamentation, and he did not fail to present the Salamander, which was the special emblem of Francis. This King also built the palaces of Fontainebleau, St. Germain and Chambord. The tomb of Francis I. is the most beautiful and elaborate found at St. Denis.

Francis dying in 1547 was succeeded by his son, who reigned as Henry II. His queen was the famous Catherine de Médici, but her influence over her royal husband was slight compared with that of Diana of Poitiers, his mistress, said also to have been a favorite of his father. She was a remarkable woman, and held her beauty and her charms until quite advanced in life. When very young she was wedded to the old Count de Brézé, grand Seneschal of Normandy. He has an elaborate marble tomb in the Cathedral at Rouen, ordered by Diana. There is a reclining figure of old de Brézé in very breezy attire—almost naked, in fact. A witty French writer said she caused him to be represented in all his senile ugliness as a perpetual apology for her infidelities.

The reign of Henry II. was one of continual political intrigues and combats upon the field. The chief aim of Henry was to curb the power of Charles V. of Spain, then in the zenith of his power. There were complications with England, too. Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the powerful Duke of Guise, had married James V. of Scotland, and their daughter was the celebrated Mary, Queen of Scots, through whom came the attempt to unite the crowns of France and Scotland.

Mary was affianced to young Francis, eldest son of Henry II., and brought to France to be educated until the period of her marriage. It required a French squadron and a strong force of troops to take her from Dumbarton Castle, and it caused a rupture between France and England. War followed and Henry captured Boulogne and several other important French fortresses that had long been in the possession of England. Later on he took Calais, which the English had held for more than 250 years. This was in 1558, and the loss of Calais is said to have broken "Bloody Mary's" heart, though her subjects had not suspected that she possessed such an organ, judging by the way she burned Protestants.

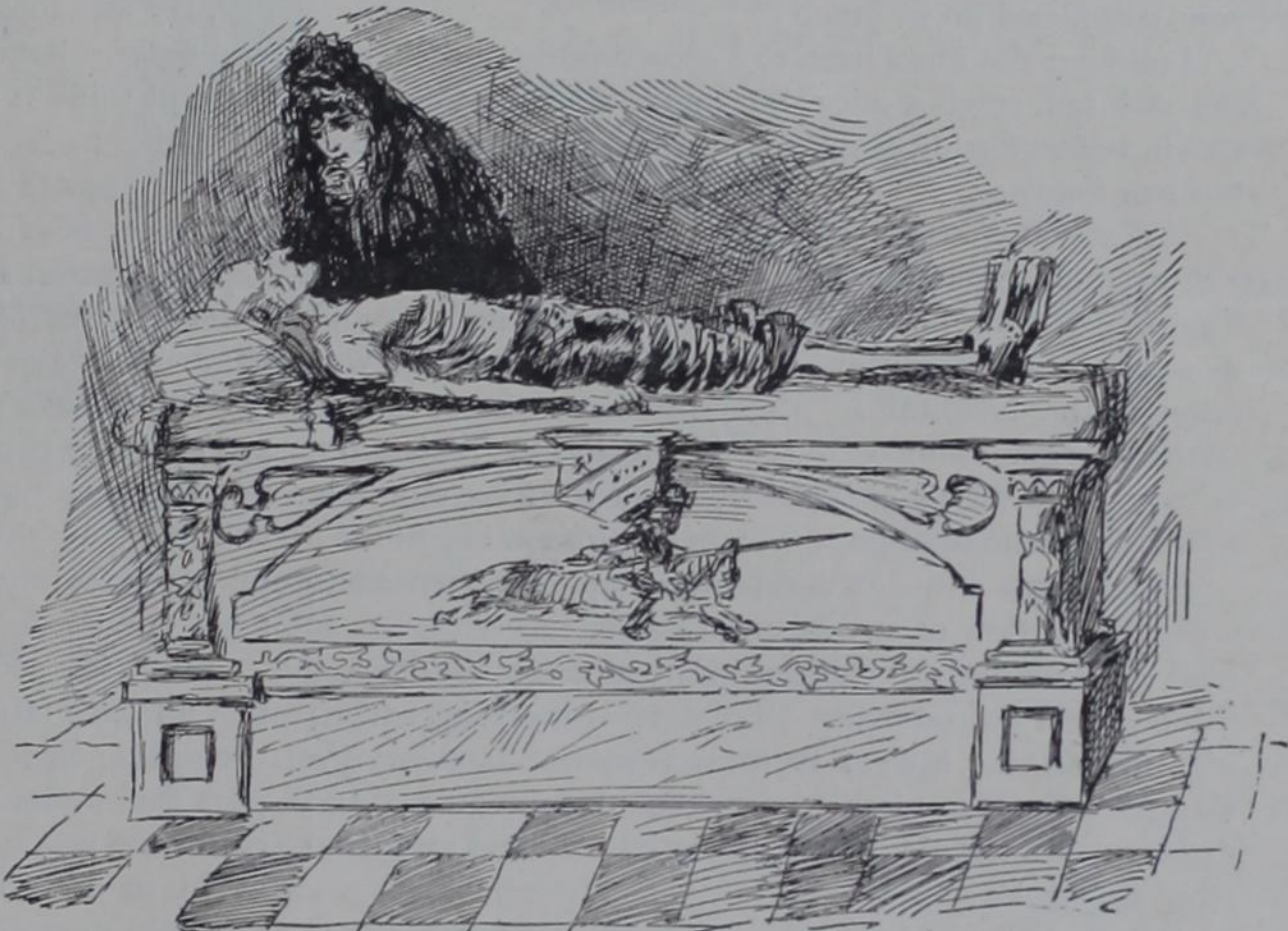
Luther's Reformation was gaining great headway about this time. Henry II. was Catholic, but he united with Protestant Germany in order to break the power of Charles V., assuming the high-sounding title of "Protector of the Liberties of Germany." In order to prove, however, that he hadn't changed his religion by associating himself with propagators of the new relig-

ion in foreign countries, he ordered a lot of heretics to be executed in Paris before setting out for the war. Henry didn't want to appear inconsistent.

Emperor Charles V. was humiliated by the defeat which his troops suffered, and he abdicated in favor of his son Philip, the one who married Mary, Queen of England. Philip, on the death of Mary, married a daughter of Henry II., and peace was declared all around. Paris saw great rejoicings over the nuptials, which occurred in the summer of 1559. There was a splendid tournament, in which the French King, who was an admirable horseman, carried off the honors of the day, but towards evening he was himself carried off in a joust with one Montgomery, captain of his Scottish Guards, whose lance point entered the King's eye, punctured the brain and killed him.

Montgomery was greatly mortified, of course. He apologized to the Queen, Catherine de Médici—said he wouldn't have had it happen for the world, but she wouldn't be mollified. Nothing would satisfy her except to have him tortured and executed on the Place de Grève, opposite the Hotel de Ville, where many similar tragedies have occurred. He was flayed alive and the wounds soothed with boiling oil, then he was beheaded. This cheerful spectacle was witnessed by the weeping and broken-hearted widow, together with the relatives and immediate friends of the deceased, who had front seats. There were no reserved seats for Montgomery's relatives, however. They had to take their chances with the rabble, and could only catch an occasional tantalizing glimpse of the spectacle over men's shoulders. Princes are proverbially selfish. They always want to monopolize the best seats at the show.

Henry did not live to witness the great battle between the Church of Rome and her revolted children—the struggle between traditional authority and free inquiry—but it began soon after his death, entailing misery and shame on his posterity during three reigns, at



Diana de Poitiers Weeping at the Tomb of De Brézé.

last resulting in the extinction of his royal line.

Henry left seven sons, the eldest of whom succeeded him as Francis II., at the age of sixteen. He was of sickly constitution and lived to reign only one year, during which period his wife, Mary of Scotland, bossed the throne, subject to her uncles, the Guises. Catherine de Médici pretended to defer to them, also, but she displayed her true colors when the favorable moment arrived. There was a great revolt against the power of the Guises, led by the Prince of Condé, brother of the King of Navarre, but it failed, and over one thousand men engaged in it were executed. They

were called Calvinists, after John Calvin, a Protestant reformer. Huguenots was another name for them, from the German *Eidgenossen*, confederates. The culmination of all this was the terrible Massacre of St. Bartholomew, of which my next chapter will treat.

## HAD REASON TO SWEAR.

Early in the Fourteenth Century a gloomy monastery stood in a quiet street in the outskirts of the holy city of Rome. It was the only earthly home of an order of good Brothers, the distinguishing feature of whose creed was total abstinence from profanity, and within its sacred walls the vile sounds of blasphemy were never heard. The founder of the order was a high-browed monk who had forsaken all the evil ways of men and who spent the days of his life in praying and fasting and meditating and making ready for the coming of the glorious time when he would don the golden robes and rest forever in Abraham's bosom. These good monks led an ideal life of peace, and each day they did rejoice and fervently give thanks that the sounds of ribald profanity never reached their ears.

One day the peaceful quiet of the monasterial halls was broken by the harsh sounds of a human voice blaspheming and taking the name of the Creator in vain. In wild consternation the holy friars forsook their cells and hastened to the front door, where they were horrified to find the Superior Brother, the founder of their holy order himself, frothing at the mouth and swearing like a Texas cowboy, while he savagely crumpled a piece of paper in his hand. Silently and sorrowfully one of the monks took the paper from the hand of his superior and read, and then his face brightened and he said:

"'Tis well; it is good that our brother should swear," and he passed the paper to his brethren had they read and exclaimed in chorus:

"'Tis well; our brother were a chump and he swore not."

The paper was the monthly gas bill.

V. Z. REED.

## THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

First Resident—I hear we are to have four arc lights in town. Where do you suppose they will be put?

Second Resident—Why, opposite the houses of the oldest inhabitants, of course!"

## A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN.

Drowning Man—Help! I am drowning!

Stranger (on bank hastily divesting himself of his clothes)—Horrible! Can't you swim?

Drowning Man (rising to the surface, and the occasion for the last time)—Of course! But don't you see that notice on the bridge: "Swimming strictly forbidden here!"—Tr. Düsseldorf Zeitung.

## UNDOUBTEDLY THE LAST.

Jones—Who is that striking-looking man over there? Seems like a popular sort of chap.

Brown—Mistake! He's the last man we fellows will have anything to do with.

Jones—Extraordinary!

Brown (easily)—Not at all; he's the undertaker.

## HARD TO TRACE.

A.—According to statistics an immense quantity of beer is drunk in your town.

B.—Yes, and when you try to find out who does it nobody will own up to it.



Henry II. Killed by Count Montgomery.



## THE HOOFNACKLE LETTERS.

THE HOT WAVE IN ST. LOUIS—NARROW ESCAPE OF MR. HOOFNACKLE.

(Translated from the *Laterne* by Alex. E. Sweet.)  
LETTER II.



ST. LOUIS, June terventy-seven.

MISHTER EDITOR:—You, yourself, Mishter Editor, and nopoddy else, vas der cause vy Jackson P. Hoofnackle, Esq., during dot past veek came very near kicking dot bucket. Dot I am not now mit dose angels vas not your fault.

Ash a general thing, ven dot mercury runs up to seventy-five degrees, ash it did last year, you publishes your baber in some rules and regulashuns vereby a man may avoid getting some sunstroke. This year, ven der thermometer hash already run up to a hundred in dot shade, your baber, so vell ash all dose daily babers, have published not dose regulashuns, so I had to rely to a great exsthent on my recollectshun of dose rules vat vas published lasht year. Vat vas der reason of dose negligences?

I can remember no more than four of dose rules to avoid some sunstrokes, and dey vas of no use in my gase.

Rule number von vas dot a man should not become oggcited, or vorry himseluf in der least. I could not comply mit dot rule because I vas a married man.

Rule number two, so vell ash I remember, vas dot a man should not overvork himseluf. Vell, so far ash dot goes, I never does dot anyway ven der vas no danger of sunstrokes.

Rule number three yas dot a man should drink only champagne and light French clarets. Dot rule has no meaning in my gase, because I never have sufficient funds ter have dot perscription filled.

Rule number four vas dot a man should not drink



Hoofnackle reads a complimentary notice about himself.

too much ice-vater. Ice-vater drinking is von of dose crimes of vich I am innocent ash an unporn babe.

I had forgotten vat I should do mit my schnapps and beer, and dot vas der reason vy I come so near kicking dot bucket, all peacause of your negligences in not republishing dose rules.

Lasht Vensday vas an awful hot day, but tovards evening ve had a thunder storm in de vest, and I said to my friend Zweibeer, "der backbone of dot hot wave vas proken, so der vas no dangers if we indulge in a few beers."

Now, Mishter Editor, if you had published dot beer vas so dangerous I would have put some restraints on myseluf. Ash it vas, I had accumulated so much thirst dot I took more beers invardly den I should have done had dose rules appeared in dot baber.

How long I had been drinking peer I have no knowl-edge, but I voke up mit a headache—a headache, I tells you, the like of vich I have never had in all my life pe-fore.

I dreamt dot I had discovered der North Pole, and vas lying in my summer nights costume on top of an iceberg. I vas frozen so stiff dot I could not move a finger. All at vonce I felt a bucket full of ice-vater vas dashed in my face. Six fellers in der shirt sleeves vas dashing buckets of ice-vater over me and rubbing my tender skin mit brushes vich felt as if dey vas made of steel wires. Vat I undervent no vords can tell. Ven I tried to eggspain, a feller who vas called doctor said: "He is still delirious; turn the hose on him again," and den I got some more ice-vaters, and vas rubbed some more until I think all my hide vas rubbed off. I wanted to die right away—such suffering I never undervent pe-fore.

It vas mit great difficulty dot I vas allowed to re-sume my clothes and return to my home. My vife Sarah, said at vonce: "Vy, Jackson, you look so clean ash I have never seen you pefore. Vat has improved your complexshun so much?"

I told her dot I had been to a schwimming match, and she did not smell a mice, but next morning vile I vas still in bed suffering from my injuries, vat should I read but ash follows:

"Yesterday afternoon Jackson P. Hoofnackle, an old ward bum, who, as he had often done before, filled himself up with beer, was prostrated by the heat and was found in the gutter in front of a saloon. He was taken to the hospital in an ambulance, where, thanks to the energetic efforts of the doctor and his assistants, he was restored to consciousness—a warning example to all those who indulge to excess in intoxicating fluids."

Ven Sarah saw dot complimentary I vas treated to a second edition of my hospital experiences. I vas so mad dot I wanted to rush out in my summer nights costume to find dot reporter. To-morrow morning early I vill instruct my lawyer to bring suit for damages for \$50,000. Vas I to blame dot a green polishman couldn't distinguish a simple case of being overvorked and tired from sunstroke?

Vell, I shall not have any more use for vater, either on the inside or on the outside for some time to come. Ven I think of all dot vater I have some ice cold chills running down my pack. It seems dot I vas sitting on der stheps and vent to sleep, and having slid down on the gutter I choost kept on snoozing peacause it vas so nice and cool. Dot green polishman came along and telephoned right away for an ambulance, and vat I suffered you know already. Vat a shame!

Your old friend,

JACKSON P. HOOFNACKLE.

## TOO MUCH CURIOSITY.

Colored Waiter—What will yer hab, boss?

Guest—Before I give my order I'd like to know what you have got.

Colored Waiter—I knows one ding what you has done got already, and dat's too much curiosity.

## HAS TO BE CAREFUL.

Wife—You dance a great deal better than you did before we were married. Then you always tore my dress in dancing, but you don't now.

Husband—Humph! Then I didn't have to pay for it.

## IT WAS VERBAL.

Lawyer—Have you got a verbal contract with him?  
Pat—Indade I have, but I didn't bring it wid me, for the rason that I don't belave it's wurth the paper it's written on.

We met a man last week who favors cooking schools. He is an undertaker.

## THE BOY FROM TEXAS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



OMMY PETERBY writes a unique letter to TEXAS SIFTINGS—He complains bitterly of the New York boarding-house fare—His father disgraces the family by talking out at the table—Mr. Peterby tips a waiter in a peculiar way.

NOO YORK, Jooly 10.—Mister editur: I rit yoo a letter last Janu-wary and publisht it in texas

siftings about our trip frum texis to Noo York, so I thot I wood rite you summore about how we faired.

Wen we got to Noo York we went to a hotel it was bigger than all outdoors and so was the bill for the too daze we kamt there. par sed we Was robbed. Then we all went to a boording hows on madison Avenoo where it was chipper. The landlady was a vishus look-in ole woman who cud brag of a big noze and too old made darters but we wouldnt have caired about that if we had got enuff to eat.

Par was madder than a wet hen he always is when he dont get enuff To eat. When he tausted his corfey he shoved back the kup and spilt sum of the corfey on the table kloth. mar whispered henery, henery, try and look pleasant, but par only folded his arms and sulkt. henery says mar you must talk sum or people will think it strange you ar not in texis now par sed dammit.

Then par talkt to mar but he talkt so lowd the landlady cood heer all what he sed what made her eyze flash fire. Par talkt about the vittles, then mar wanted him to keep his mouth shut but he wouldnt. That sugar bole says par oughter to be patented fur a fly trap hush Says mar. When mar offered par the salt he sed that was the only one thing on the table that was as good as they had in texis. However he didnt want no salt for he said the eggs wasnt fresh to nead any salt o henery for my saik keep quiet said mar but par kept right on as if he was deafern a post.

Sumbody sed that kanned froot was as old as Pompeii and par laft and said he had good reason to bleeve they date back even further than that so mar kicked pars foot under the table. Then par tole mar that the cold slaw was made of fine shavings bekos cabbich was so hi in noo York, and the landlady rattled the spoons and lukt daggurs at par who askt if enybody present knowed where dr Tanner boarded when he was starvin hisself in noo York henery says mar I will leave the tabul thats about awl there is to leave said par pullin a kock roach outer the basket it was a dead one. Mar got redder in the face and par said that the landladys strong pint was her butter and her week pint was the corfey, and that he was Going to take as long to settle his bill as the corfey did then mar got up and left the table par had been Drinking.

I notised the landlady didnt Ask par to maik no after dinner speach bekos he isnt chansee depu i spouse. par has maid the erquaintans of a nise man at the boarding hows, but he never has any chaing when his washwom kums. i have mi spishuns noo York is full of sutch.

i will write again sune

TOMMY PETERBY.

postkript awl the waiters have to bee tipt in noo York except the dumb waiters. Wen we were at the hotel a waiter pored a kup of Hot corfey down pars back and par tipt him upside down with his bute he Didnt ask for summore.

T PETERBY.

## IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

Clara—How do you like my friend?

Fanny—He is a horrid creature. Is he married?

No, he is not married.

How happy is the lot of the woman who did not get him for a husband.

INQUIRER—Dates are not raised in this country, except by single ladies over thirty-five. They are known as dates of birth.



# The Lay of a Lady in Love



A sceptic in affection,  
But cupid's aim  
So truly came  
I'm under his subjection.

'Twixt me and you,  
I never knew  
That passion could so far go;  
I met my fate  
One evening late  
In the city of Chicago.

He bowed and said,  
"My dear, I'm wed,  
But still that does not matter,  
Because of course  
A quick divorce  
My wedlock's chains can shatter!"

Now, being free,  
He's courting me;  
We'll marry, and our course is  
Booth smooth and sweet  
Until we meet  
In the court held for divorces!

Oh heart of mine,  
Do not repine  
Since love has thee enraptured,  
For cupid's darts  
Hit many hearts,  
And many a maid he's captured

That artful boy  
Will means employ  
To conquer the astutest;  
His conquests are  
Both near and far  
The cunningest and cutest.

When fancy free  
I used to be

## LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

Who originated the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a new edifice? Who was the first to take a bran new trowel in his hand and make a little speech as the corner-stone was placed in position? I wonder if it was done when the Tower of Babel was commenced. Perhaps it was. Likely as not a box containing copies of the newspapers of the day, specimens of the coin in use, the latest topical song, etc., was laid with the corner-stone, though none has been found that I know of.

Then there must have been speeches made upon the occasion: "We have met, fellow Babelites, to lay the corner-stone of this great edifice, destined to tower above Bunker Hill monument, Tower Eiffel de Paris, and even the new World building. (Applause.) There has been a great flood, and it may come again. Let us be prepared. Let us not be like the indifferent individual who told Noah he didn't think it would be much of a shower. (Three cheers for Noah!) The waters may rise, but we can rise above water. (Here the speaker refreshes himself with a glass of beer.) I hereby dedicate this tower to the life-saving service and the propagation and development of languages."

Then they sat down to a collation remarkable for the great variety of tongue that was served up.

What a great event must have been the laying of the corner-stone of the Coliseum, at Rome. It occurred A. D. 72, when Titus was emperor. He had just re-

turned from overthrowing the city of Jerusalem, bringing 12,000 Jewish captives he didn't know what to do with. Rome had long felt the want of an amphitheatre suitable for such great exhibitions as Barnum's Show, Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and Kiralfy's Fall of Kalamazoo. So Titus set his captives to work to supply the long-felt want. They built the Coliseum in about eight years, and it was the greatest show place the world has ever known, not excepting Madison Square Garden. It has been a little difficult to find the corner-stone, on account of the structure being circular in form.

What Chauncey Depew of Rome made the dedicatory speech isn't known. It was a great occasion, however, and he doubtless rose to it—rose at four o'clock that morning to rehearse his speech: "Romans, citizens of Utica and Syracuse; countrymen, and hayseeds from Tioga! You are all honorable men, and worthy of honorable mention, and if men shun you it's your own fault. (Hear, hear!) Look you upon this trowel. I need not tell you its purpose. You know trowel—" (His voice is drowned by cries of "ah! ah!")

"I am here, gentlemen of Rome, to lay the corner-stone, after which the choir will chant their lay, only give them a chants. ("Give us a rest.") There is a corner, I perceive, against this enterprise, and I gather from the corner's tone—"

Here the uproar becomes so great that the speaker cannot be

heard. The papers next day said it was "the greatest effort of his life," because it was only by the greatest effort that his life was saved. He lived, however, to be the oldest mason of Rome, where he worked at his trade for many years. MINER.

## SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

IN CHICAGO.

A Chicago man who had been appointed receiver went to a lawyer and asked:

"Out of \$20,000 passing through his hands how much ought a receiver to profit?"

"Well, about \$19,000," was the reply.

"Only \$19,000!" he exclaimed. "Who is to get the other thousand, I'd like to know?"

NOT TESTED YET.

Laura—What a quiet young man Mr. Timkins is.

Flora—Have you invited him to dinner?

No, not yet.

Before you call him quiet wait until you hear him eat.

MORE MONEY IN IT.

Jones—What are you doing now?

Billy Fastboy—I write for a living.

Do you write for the newspapers?

No; I write every week to the old man to send me some more money.

SAME EARS.

Gus de Smith—I am head over ears in love with your daughter.

Judge Peterby—I suppose those ears are the same ones over which you are in debt.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Jones—You can get the position if you can find somebody that can go on your bond.

Smith—Which do you prefer, Willy Vanderbilt or Jay Gould?

Are you acquainted with them?

Not at all; but they can go on my bond, can't they, if they want to?

BUSINESS.

Jones (father of seven girls)—Maria, put a decanter of that heavy port wine on the table to-day.

Mrs. Jones—Why do you want that wine on the table?

Jones—Old Goldbug is going to dine with me to-day. He can't drink port without getting tight, and he may propose to one of the girls.



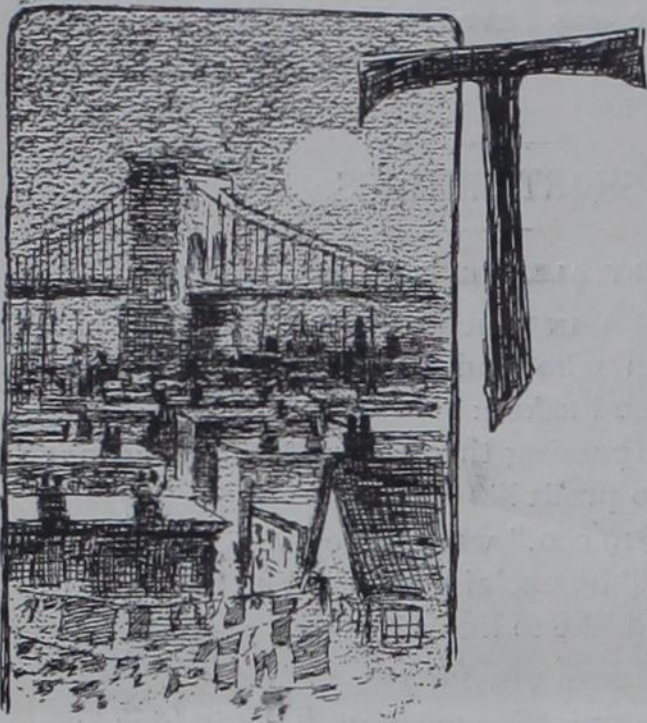
## GIVING HIS SISTER AWAY.

"I suppose, Tommy, you love your sister very much," said the gentleman who was paying his addresses to Tommy's sister.

TOMMY—I love her when there are fellers around. She is mighty good to me then, but she is cross as the mischief after they are gone. She is like a fiddle. She is no good without a beau. Ain't that so, Fan?



## A STROLL ON THE EAST SIDE.



to go. The stranger who comes to New York and seeks to know it, as strangers usually do, follows a few beaten tracks, sees a few well-known places of interest, talks with a few persons with whom he chances to be thrown in contact, and goes away filled with the thought that he knows New York. It is a mere chance if he do not write a book about it.

Let him go to! Aye, marry, and sit in oil-cloth and potash, mourning for the loss of what little intelligence he never had. One cannot learn a city like that any more than he can learn a language out of a phrase book. In the main thoroughfares he will see people about the ordinary routine matters of life, either of business or pleasure. In the "stock sights" he will observe a few phases only of the city's life. And the people he meets are as casual drops in the great ocean of humanity.

Let him go among the homes and the shops of the poor. Let him seek out the great colonies of foreigners that make New York truly cosmopolitan. Let him study the conditions of the great problem of living as the ignorant, the wretched and the poor have to meet them, before he may think that he has learned more than the surface indications of the city.

Leave Broadway. Turn to the right, along Park Row, past the entrance to the great bridge, and reaching the next corner observe. We are now on the border of a land as strange to the average business man of New York as is Kamtchatka. Turn sharply to the east a little way further on. We are farther away from what many people call New York than we could ever go in a Pullman car. Walk down half-way to the river and turn to the left. Wide, pleasant streets, lined on either side with old-fashioned houses that were, a generation ago aristocratic residences, traverse a region unknown to half the Broadway loungers.

For here, pleasant as the streets look at the first glance, substantial as many of the houses look, with their well-built fronts and broad entrances, is no longer the home of wealth. It is the haunt of shabby gentility. Next door to a house that was fifty years ago occupied by a wealthy merchant, and that is now a fifth-rate lodging house, there stands in all its ugly imitation of elegance, the modern tenement house with its small shop or beer-saloon on either side of the entrance; its five stories of height with four suits of rooms on each floor; its dirty entrance; its horde of ill-kept, noisy children, who have no other play ground than the street, and no other companionship than that of children as rude and unhappy as themselves; its general air of unthrift, carelessness, destitution and hopelessness.



Street Scene on the East Side.

Into this street come none but the underpaid toilers who have lost ambition and look for nothing but food, shelter and the barest apology of raiment, instead of a home and competence. Here is the general stamp of decline—the most mournful of all phases of civilization. The sprawling, open windows speak of the loss of shame that comes from long-continued decay of fortune. The grocer boys carry pailfuls of coal in through the doorways where fashionable people once entered to find pleasure and lavish hospitality.

Stroll farther up-town. We will come to Grand street soon. It is the paradise for the Cheap John. Here is the apotheosis of Brummagemism. In it are the shops for the traffic in imitations of everything, from an honestly made hammer to a diamond brooch. It is full of cheap dentists' "parlors."

But go on farther. We have crossed a dismal enough slice of the city, between Canal and Grand streets, where there is hardly anything to be seen but an unbroken succession of the poorest class of tenement houses. There live the poorest slaves of the very poor; the toilers for the "sweaters;" men, women and children whose lives are bought, night and day, seven days in week, for five or six cents an hour, by the petty contractors who toil not, neither do they sew, but who wear



The Vender.

diamonds and bet on the races out of the wages their minions earn but do not get.

Above Grand street we come to the very strongholds of poverty. You may walk block after block in some of these far-east streets without seeing a sign that is not in a foreign language—without meeting a person who looks as if he could talk English. Neither will you see one who looks prosperous, nor is there a house that seems likely to be the abode of comfort. All are squalid. The purveyor of food is the peripatetic peddler who vends from his wagon, and the great enemy of mankind is the collector of rents. Living is reduced to the minimum of money expenditure, and the only medical attendance the people get is likely to be from the Health Department of the city.

It is the back-yard of the city. Here live the slaves of civilization; the least efficient, perhaps, certainly the worst paid of all the people of a great, powerful, rich and enlightened nation. They are for the most part strangers, and for them the promise of American liberty, American prosperity is like the bow of promise in the sky—something to be wondered at and pursued but never caught.

But, you say, to know this, is not to know New York. There is a great and beautiful side to the city. True. To know this is not to know New York. But not to know this is not to know New York.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

BYRON didn't think much of a Masonic Temple in a city. It was a lodge in some vast wilderness that he sighed for.

## HER ESTIMATE OF DAMAGES.

"Had an accident here this morning?" queried the breathless reporter as a matronly lady appeared at the door in response to his violent ringing.

"Yes, we did. You see, the next house comes right up to ours, and the man painting it asked to come through our house and crawl out the scuttle onto its roof. Well, I let him. When he crossed the garret he fell through the floor—"

"Hurt him much?"

"Yes, I guess so. But he didn't stop with the garret; he fell through the next floor, tore a hole through the carpet knocked the plastering off the ceiling and, oh, he just made an awful muss!"

## IN CHICAGO.

Assistant Editor—I have discovered an entirely new reason why our fair cannot help being a grand success.

Editor-in-chief—You have? Mr. Bookkeeper, make the Assistant Editor's salary four dollars and a half a week instead of four dollars, as heretofore.

## SLIGHTED GENIUS.

James Jones—I am surprised to see you, old boy. I thought you had an engagement with an opera company for the entire season.

Willis Highsee—So I had, but I have thrown up my engagement.

What was the matter?

I'll tell you how it was, just to show you how genius and talent is treated by the manager of an opera company. I was to play in the grand scene in which the Prince appears on the stage riding on a stately elephant. Now just listen to how I was treated. The manager

assigned me to the left hind leg of the elephant while two low-down tramps, just picked out of the slums were given the fore-legs. The manager apologized but it was no good. I quit the company.

## AN INTELLIGENT JUROR.

Brown—What was the verdict of the jury in the murder case? You were one of the jury, were you not?

Thickskull—Yes, I was on the jury. He was unanimously acquitted on the first ballot.

How did you vote?

Ah, my dear sir, that is one of the secrets of the jury which we are sworn not to reveal.

## A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.

Young husband—I suppose, darling, it will not hurt those curtains if I smoke in this room.

Young wife—You are the most considerate husband in the world. Yes, I'm afraid it will ruin them.

Young husband (gruffly)—Then take down those blankety blank curtains.

## THEY TALK A LITTLE.

Visitor—When can I see Dr. Smith?

Servant—His consultation hours are from three to seven every afternoon.

What! Four hours in one stretch?

Yes, sir. You see most of his patients are ladies.

## NEVER SATISFIED.

Beggar—Please, sir, give me a few pennies. My wife is dead.

Mr. Henpeck—Man alive! What more do you want?

## VERY RESPECTFUL.

McSnifter (to old Begum)—The only thing about you for which I have any respect is your age—you wretched old ass.

"The saloon is the door to hell," roared the temperance orator, "and it always stands wide open." "Except on Sunday," said a hardened drinker, "and then we have to hunt the side entrance."



"ROUND THE WORLD,"

WITH LECTURER A. MINER GRISWOLD.



IT WAS during those sweltering days in June that I was in Kansas. People said it hadn't been so hot since the border ruffian days. It was a little warm then, in Kansas — when the most important farming implement was a rifle; when one neighbor was trying to introduce slavery into the territory, and another

neighbor was using his best endeavor to keep it out; when each party raided the other as opportunity offered, and old John Brown of Ossawatimie was laying the foundation of his reputation. It is said that he was in the habit of stealing horses from his pro-slavery neighbors, but it must be remembered that the mildest epithet employed against a political opponent in those days was "horse-thief." Kind Mr. Greeley of the Tribune used to add "liar."

I saw John Brown once. It was in Cleveland, O., in 1859—a short time before the Harper's Ferry outbreak. He was then on his way from Kansas to carry out that wild project of inaugurating a negro insurrection to bring about the abolition of slavery. He didn't mention that, however. I was assisting Col. Charles B. Flood, an old-time editor who graduated on the Ohio Statesman under Governor Sam. Medary, to edit the Cleveland National Democrat. Flood was one of the most virulent opposers of John Brown and his Kansas adherents, and he was a little surprised to have Ossian E. Dodge, the vocalist, bring in a man whom he introduced as "Old John Brown of Kansas."

But Flood was a ready man. He rose with extended hand and said, "A man I've abused more than any one alive—John Brown, how are ye."

Brown smiled as he shook the proffered hand, and they sat down and conversed in a very friendly way. Brown was a man of about sixty then, I should judge, with stern features and clear-blue eyes, and heavy grayish beard. His voice was mild but earnest as he recounted his Kansas experience. He didn't look like the revolutionist that he was.

Col. Flood went to Virginia and witnessed the execution of John Brown. He testified to the fortitude with which he met death, and said he was by far the coolest man on that tragic occasion.

"I stood near the foot of the scaffold as he passed," said Col. Flood. "He recognized me and called me by name as unconcernedly as though it had been an ordinary meeting."

The Kansas of Sharp's rifles and border warfare over the slavery question is not the Kansas of to-day. War's alarms have long since ceased to sound, and wherever you go there are abundant evidences of the victories of peace. The growth of many of its cities has been remarkable and is still going on, and its broad prairies and rich bottom lands are as productive as those of any Western State.

In giving lectures fortified by the stereopticon, gas is absolutely essential. The lantern cannot be worked without it, so I am compelled to take along a pair of

cylinders filled with hydrogen and oxygen gas. I am an absolute slave to those cylinders. I have to watch to see that they are put on board the cars and taken off. I send them on by express sometimes, and then I am oppressed by a harrowing fear lest they may not reach their proper destination. Railroad men laugh at my fears, and all get off the old joke about lecturers not being able to get along without "gas." They think it's funny. Then railroads have different regulations about carrying cylinders. Some check them as baggage, others will not. In the latter case they must be billed as express matter. A quarter slipped into the hand of some baggagemen will insure their going aboard the train; others hold out with Spartan firmness against any bribe. At one station where there was but five minutes to change cars, a wooden-headed express agent insisted that I must go a mile up town to the regular office to pay charges and release the stuff. But I talked him out of it. I finally told my assistant that we would probably save trouble if not time by each taking a cylinder under his arm and tramping from town to town.

It is remarkable how confident the hall proprietor is that the lecturer is going to have a full house, until the affair is over.

"Do you think I will have a good audience?" asked Hon. Eli Perkins of an opera house proprietor in Kansas once.

"I'm sure of it," was the reply. "The house will be chuck full."

"Why do you think so?"

"Well, you see, we haven't had anything here in a long time, and they're bound to come. There'll be a perfect rush."

But there wasn't any rush, and Eli was disappointed. "You told me the hall would be crowded," he remarked to the proprietor as he shoved out the rent money.

"Well, that's what I thought."



Looking after the Cylinders.

"You know you said you hadn't had anything lately," continued Eli in a complaining tone.

"That's so," the hall man said, as he put the cylinders carefully away in an old wallet, "we haven't had anything lately; and by George we haven't had anything."

The joke was on Eli, without question, yet all Kansas are not so unappreciative as this man, for Perkins is a great favorite in the State.

I got a back-hander myself the other day, riding to the depot in a town where I had lectured the night before.

"Did you attend the lecture?" asked one man of another.

"Yes, I did."

"How did you like it?"

"The pictures were well enough, but"—he said no more, but the way he looked across at me made me regret that I had ever embarked in the business. I afterwards learned that he had tried lecturing himself and failed. Why can't men have more charity for each other?

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

HE WAS A PRONOUNCER.

Lady (to new clerk in carpet store)—Have you pronounced designs?

Clerk—Pronounced designs? Yes, indeed, I can pronounce almost any word. I have some faults in spelling, but I brag over my pronunciation.

Air guns are very sensitive to atmospheric changes.



PRECISE.

HAYSEED (seeking his lawyer)—Does this 'ere elevator umb up to th' roof?

ELEVATOR BOY—Naw; only to der top floor!

NOTES FROM NEBRASKA.

Thirty years ago Nebraska was nearly an untrodden wilderness. To-day she is a great State, teeming with life, though they are still teaming in some of the back counties with mules and oxen.

Twenty-five years ago her people were counted by the tens, fifteen years ago by the hundreds, five years ago by the thousands, and this year by the census enumerators.

Her progress has been rapid. Originally a part of the Louisiana purchase, she still proves her loyalty to the parent State by sending in her monthly tribute to the Louisiana Lottery, even though she has never heard the parent state that she appreciated the kindness. From a part of Louisiana she was made a territory; next she was formed into a State, and her next move will doubtless be to become a part of Chicago. Indeed, some farmers have already laid out their farms in town lots, and refused options on them to suspicious looking strangers, wanting to get all the benefit themselves the next time the World's Fair city makes an annexation.

It were long and tedious to tell all of the story of her development. The whole history of it is written in a larger book than Webster's Dictionary, and costing fifteen dollars at retail. The book is now out of print, and if the men who sold it are out of the penitentiary they may as well give up trying and feel that no man can get what he deserves in this unfeeling age of the world. Any one, however, who feels a longing to read the book can borrow it all over the State, the only condition will be that they fail to return it.

Nebraska is at present at peace with the world, also a piece of the world. No rumors of war disturb her borders, the State "melish" is quietly engaged in raising corn, and Buffalo Bill, her most noted warlike citizen, is taking up a collection from the wonder-eyed

He who cares only for himself in youth, finds that nobody cares for him in old age.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REFORMATION.

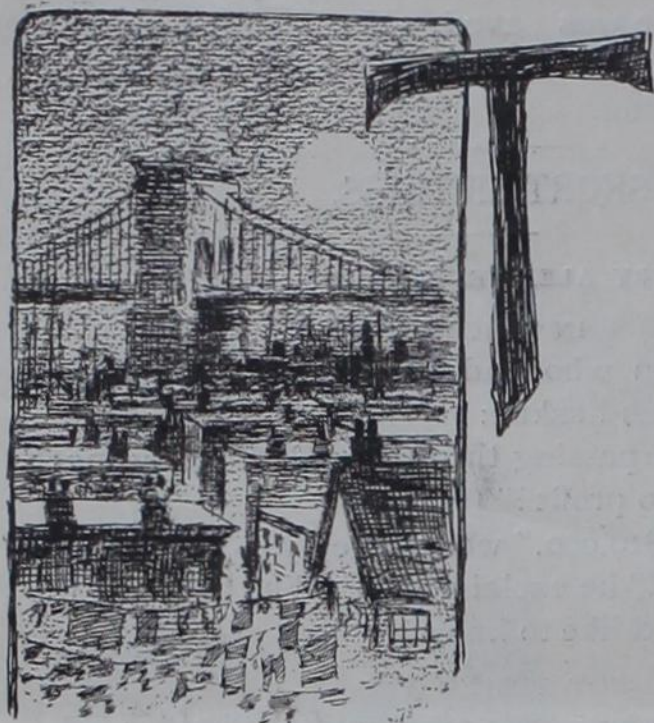
"Diet of Worms."



Carrying the Cylinders.



## A STROLL ON THE EAST SIDE.



HERE is no way for a student of mankind to learn about his fellows excepting by going among them and watching them, and there is no place where he can do that so readily as in a great city, if he know where



to go. The stranger who comes to New York and seeks to know it, as strangers usually do, follows a few beaten tracks, sees a few well-known places of interest, talks with a few persons with whom he chances to be thrown in contact, and goes away filled with the thought that he knows New York. It is a mere chance if he do not write a book about it.

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make such a war possible by suggesting it, discussing it and accustoming the people to the idea of a conflict which ought to be most abhorrent.

Colonel J. Armoy Knox, whose sombrero has acquired a world-wide celebrity, and the New York Sun, which has invented a peculiar style of head-wear, ought to unite their forces and squelch the man in the Herald who argues that soft hats make bald heads and that everybody must wear the tall silk, or stovepipe hat, if he wishes to keep his hair on. The contention is that soft hats make the head too hot and that hard hats allow a circulation of air. If this argument were true, mankind would be bald-headed by a large majority; for the stovepipe hat is to the soft hat as units to millions. Outside of a very limited section of cities and a St. Patrick's Day parade, where does one ever see a tall hat? The Herald crank claims that the English are not bald, because they all wear stovepipe hats. He mistakes London for England and a very small West End district for London. Outside of what is called Clubland, the headwear of England, Scotland and Ireland is all soft. So are the low caps of France and

Germany; the turban and fez of Oriental countries and the fur coverings of Russia and the North. The silk hat is becoming as obsolete as the cocked hat; and the Derby, which is a compromise between them, has also had its day. As for the straw hat—but there is no use disputing about straws in this weather.

Our fellow-citizens of African descent, instead of getting together and driving England and Germany out of Africa, their native land, are being shot down in Southern riots, turned out of Northern restaurants and involved in a squabble with the Asbury Park authorities as to the privilege of bathing in the same part of

the ocean as the white folks. The laws protect colored people in all their rights; but race prejudice seems stronger than the laws. Negroes are not allowed to go to the polls, in the South, and separate sections of the theatres, the restaurants and the ocean are railed off from them, at the North. To the ancient question, "Am not a man and a brother?" the practical popular reply is, "Legally, you are a man; but we cannot admit you to brotherhood." It is not a case of color line. Spaniards, Portuguese, Cubans, South Americans, quite as black as the average negro, are welcomed in American society. The prejudice against the negro, when carefully investigated, is based upon the allegation that he has a bad odor. This would appear to be an argument for letting him bathe at Asbury Park or elsewhere. Though I had a colored "mammy" for a nurse, I have never noticed this odor, except among dirty rickies. But, if it exists, give them the entire ocean to swim in, and encourage them to swim across and set on the other side, where there is no such prejudice.

I regret to say that the biggest April fools next year will be the Prohibitionists. The last Legislature authorized a Constitutional Amendment, prohibiting importing liquors in this State, to be submitted to the popular vote in April, 1891; but omitted to make any provision for the expenses of this special vote, which amounted to about \$600,000. No expenses; no vote April fool! The Prohibitionists might raise the \$600,000 by subscriptions and pay it over to the State Treasurer for the poll charges; but he would politely inform them that he had no authority either to accept or expend the cash. Besides, the Original Package Amendment has taken all the wind out of the Prohibition to the wind. Undoubtedly it hastened the death of their able strong leader, General Clinton B. Fisk, who died in heart, diagnosed by the doctors as an attack of apoplexy. What would be the use of Prohibition after New York, when liquors in the original packages are legally sent in from other States? New Jersey sends in its apple-jack, and Connecticut with its rum. Better to endure the lager beer and ale which we have than fly to evils which we know of—except by hearsay.

Nevertheless, no honest man can walk the streets of New York City without acknowledging that the liquor business ought to be regulated, since it cannot be suppressed, and that our Excise Commissioners are fully at fault. Indignant complaints are made that, in certain parts of London there is a tavern on every corner. If our supply of rumshops were cut down to one on every corner, we might be grateful. I can point out blocks on Sixth and Third avenues where every other house is a rumshop, and to a block in which all the houses except one sell liquor. Where do so many groggeries find customers? The answer is seen in the thickly-settled, poverty-stricken districts to the rear of them. Thousands of men and women toil and slave to support the long lines of liquor stores, and the liquor dealers, their profits cut down by competition, engage in politics and take another grip upon the tax-payers. Wherever you find a groggery you will find a local political leader with a "pull" upon the City treasury. Prohibition is an extreme measure; but discrimination in the granting of licenses is the imperative demand of common-sense. Even the liquor dealers favor it.

All the well-worn devices of trades-unionism were employed in the recent cloakmakers' strike, and it was amusing to see them worked off upon the press. Frank Rothschild, Jr., exposed the humbug in an able letter, which turned public opinion against the strikers. First,

the cutters refused to cut any goods for firms that employed non-union men. As no goods were cut, there was no work for the operatives. Then the game of deception began. "Professor" Garside, who is neither manufacturer, cutter nor operative, pulled the strings for a weekly salary. Everett Hall was hired at \$50 per day. The papers were filled with stories of starving workmen—dead babies—families turned out of their rooms. Appeals were made for help to resist the oppressors. What oppressors? Why, the wicked manufacturers who refused to discharge non-union workers. Political pressure was applied. The same District Attorney who declines to prosecute hoodlars tried to induce the Grand Jury to indict some of our best business men. For what? In the hope of capturing the Labor Vote for the County Democracy. When all the schemes failed; when the Grand Jury began to consider whether the strikers were not conspirators; when the absurdity of paying \$50 a day for a hall to starve in was exploited, and when no more salary was donated for "Professor" Garside, presto! the strike was over and the starvers resumed work at wages of \$15 to \$28 per week. Poor fellows—and poor Fellows!

But the best of the joke is that Colonel Fellows is going to be renominated for District Attorney by the United Democracy. What! After letting all the hoodlars escape, except Jaehne? What! After being the laughing stock of the city for incapacity? Yes; that is the political programme. His friends are coolly banking upon his unpopularity. They say that, the moment his renomination is proposed, the World will attack him, and then all the other papers which hate the World worse than they do Fellows, will rally to his support. The Sun and Herald are especially depended upon to praise him, and ex-President Cleveland will write another letter in his favor. 'Tis a shrewd scheme and will make lots of fun in the Circus. But editors are not always as foolish as they sometimes appear to the professional politicians.

Judge Martine is an instance of what a District Attorney can do if he uses his power for his personal advancement. There he is on the Bench, for fourteen years, with a salary of \$12,000 a year; and yet he never tried but one case in court. He had the strongest staff ever collected by a District Attorney. On it were ex-Judge Bedford, the present Judge Fitzgerald, Colonel Fellows and De Lancy Nichol. They did the work; he claimed the credit. By stubbornly holding out for a judgeship and refusing to accept anything else, he received a unanimous nomination and election. If he were contented with his long term and extravagant salary, the public might forget and forgive; but he wants to be sensational; he plays to the gallery, and he has an idea that his business is to instruct juries as to the facts, instead of expounding the law. But, then, one must know the law in order to expound it.

Julian Hawthorne writes to the Philadelphia Ledger that he has often been cheated by publishers. The names of his publishers are not given in his accusation; but those who have read his books have always supposed that the boot was on the other leg.

Those New Yorkers who are preparing to welcome Prince George of Wales as hospitably as they did his father will be surprised to learn that the Prince passed his last evening in England at a meeting of the Salvation Army; took a great interest in the proceedings and bought and read a copy of the War Cry. Hitherto, the Salvation Army has been rather looked down upon here; but a real live Prince ought to do more than pretty Mrs. General Booth to make it fashionable. Perhaps people do not stop to think that the original Christian evangelists went about in somewhat the same way as the members of the Salvation Army; preaching at street-corners; living upon charity; mingling with publicans and sinners. Indeed, if these original Christians were to return to earth now, they could not get into most of our churches without hiring pews; they could not comprehend the business of preaching the Gospel at \$10,000 a year salary, and, remembering the admonition, "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor," they would be flabbergasted at the spectacle of a modern fashionable clergyman, with his horses and carriage, his broadcloth, his wines and his jewelry. No matter; everybody will be pleased if Prince George gives the Salvation Army a boom.

THE RINGMASTER.

Some people denounce laughter because the Bible does not exhort to it. But the Good Book admits that there is "a time to laugh," and we are doing our best to fill in that time.



## THE RISE AND FALL OF CASEY'S JOINT.

Old Morey Casey stood leaning against the iron post that supported one corner of his fruit stand, and gazed



down the street. He looked far away: far beyond the brick-paved streets of the Kansas town, over the low hills and into the amber-hued clouds in the distant west, where the sun had but lately set. His mind had drifted still farther away; it had gone back into the evanescent past, to his own sunny Italy, the land of his birth. He saw again the azure blue of its cloudless skies; he heard again the rippling waves, and the

measured dip of the gondola's oar; he thought of all the pains and pleasures of his youth, of its loves and its hatred, and of the swift pursuit of the red-hot vendetta.

Away back in that dust-covered past old Morey Casey had been a different sort of man; then he was young Count Morenci de Casi; then the sky of his life was clear and cloudless, until one day his family stumbled up against a vendetta of the deadliest variety. His uncles and cousins succumbed to it first; then his father and brothers followed. They did not die in the house. One morning young Count Morenci de Casi awoke to the unpleasant reflection that he was the sole survivor of the once numerous de Casi family, and that a relentless vendetta lurked around the corner. He traded his estates for a monkey and hand-organ, and embarked for the land of the free.

The rain dripped from the awning and spattered on his old straw hat. A gust of wind came around the corner, shook him and fluttered his threadbare coat, awakening him just in time to sell five cents' worth of peanuts to the little girl who had waited all the while. He dropped the money into his pocket and thought of his wife and seven children. Then he lifted his hat, scratched his head, and again fell into a reverie.

Two days later the little girl came again to buy peanuts, and was astonished to find a strange man in Casey's place. The stranger put the money into his pocket, just as Casey himself had always done, so Casey must be dead, she thought. And Casey? Oh, he was all right; he had started a Kansas joint.

Through the door in the high board fence in the alley, up the back stairs and into the second door to the right; this was the road to Casey's joint. How many feet went lightly up that stairway! How many tottered down again! Casey's joint had sawdust on the floor,

and the bar was a wide pine board. Casey himself jerked the beer, and the harvest of golden years went on.

In time, the pine board gave way to a walnut bar, with long, shining mirrors behind it, and a bartender who wore his hair cut pompadour.

Old Casey dreamed no more of Italy's ether-blue skies, of its limpid waters and gleaming stillettos; even the dip of the gondola's oar was lost in the beer schooner's clink, and the answering chink of the swift returns. He defied the winds that once had flapped his ragged coat. He thought of his wife and seven children; of macaroni and garlic; he smiled.

Old Casey had just finished smiling when the door opened and a woman's head thrust in. Over her shoulders he could see other women; and when they had filed in he could see others coming. They carried axes, hatchets, brooms and clubs. It was a crusade.

Fifteen minutes later, by Casey's gold repeater, his joint was a wreck and a failure. His stock in trade was mixed up with the sawdust and the cuspidors. His furniture was only fit for toothpicks; his eye was black and his hair pulled out by the roots. Then the strong arm of the law grabbed him and jerked him athwart the prohibitory statute of the commonwealth of Kansas.

The sun had just gone down when two ex-street car mules pulled a covered wagon up the sloping hill toward the west. Behind the wagon walked a man whose back was bent, and whose step was tottering and frail. It was old Morey Casey. The wagon went over the brow of the hill, but old Casey stopped on its summit. He looked back at the twinkling lights of the city in the valley below. He could hear the rumble that rose from its vitrified brick-paved streets, and see dimly the hurrying throng, and he fancied he could hear a shriek now and then: a despairing wail for beer. He lifted his hand and called down about three columns of anathemas and imprecations in solid agate and the soft Italian tongue.

RICHARD S. GRAVES.

## ROUGH ON THE DOCTOR.

Doctor—Your wife is in a dangerous condition.  
Husband—I thought she was, even before I sent for you.

And I suggest that you call in some specialist to consult in the case.

Just what I expected. I told my wife long ago that she ought to get proper medical advice, but she thought you might get offended.



PRECISE.

MR. HAYSEED (seeking his lawyer)—Does this 'ere elevator go plumb up to th' roof?

ELEVATOR BOY—Naw; only to der top floor!

## NOTES FROM NEBRASKA.

Thirty years ago Nebraska was nearly an untrodden wilderness. To-day she is a great State, teeming with life, though they are still teaming in some of the back counties with mules and oxen.

Twenty-five years ago her people were counted by the tens, fifteen years ago by the hundreds, five years ago by the thousands, and this year by the census enumerators.

Her progress has been rapid. Originally a part of the Louisiana purchase, she still proves her loyalty to the parent State by sending in her monthly tribute to the Louisiana Lottery, even though she has never heard the parent state that she appreciated the kindness. From a part of Louisiana she was made a territory; next she was formed into a State, and her next move will doubtless be to become a part of Chicago. Indeed, some farmers have already laid out their farms in town lots, and refused options on them to suspicious looking strangers, wanting to get all the benefit themselves the next time the World's Fair city makes an annexation.

It were long and tedious to tell all of the story of her development. The whole history of it is written in a larger book than Webster's Dictionary, and costing fifteen dollars at retail. The book is now out of print, and if the men who sold it are out of the penitentiary they may as well give up trying and feel that no man can get what he deserves in this unfeeling age of the world. Any one, however, who feels a longing to read the book can borrow it all over the State, the only condition will be that they fail to return it.

Nebraska is at present at peace with the world, also a piece of the world. No rumors of war disturb her borders, the State "melish" is quietly engaged in raising corn, and Buffalo Bill, her most noted warlike citizen, is taking up a collection from the wonder-eyed Europeans.

Sitting in the very midst of her sister States, she is one of the greatest. Her inhabitants are intelligent, her land is fertile and her horses are fat. Health is an especial fad. The census enumerators have not discovered any one with a chronic disease. One man started for Nebraska with one, to exhibit himself as a freak. Coming through Iowa, to avoid attention, he carried the chronic disease in a grip, and some one stole the grip, chronic disease and all, and the poor fellow is out of a job.

DUNCAN M. SMITH.

## IT MADE A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

Jones—I am opposed to working on Sunday. It's wicked.

Tough Citizen—Well, that's not the way you used to talk.

Jones—I know it; but I'm working for the government now.

JOHN D. ROCKAFELLER, who founded the Standard Oil Company, made fifty millions in ten years. If that is Standard time, everybody would like to run by it.



The Crusade Against Casey's Joint.



## THE DUEL AT DEVIL'S DEN.

BY HOWARD SEELY.  
(CONCLUDED.)



HERE was a rush and scuffle, during which much liquor was spilled and many glasses were broken. When at length the two men were separated, Judge Treddle's face exhibited several bruises and scratches and the Colonel was minus his coat tails. Both parties were breathless, but breathing out fire and slaughter, and it was the voice of Mr. O'Hara which broke the stillness.

"Be aisy, now, be aisy, gints, out of respect fur the ladies. This is no time fur a sane like this. If yer in fur a ruction there's slathers of time to-morrer, and everythin' kin be settled dacintly and in illegant stoyle. It's meself, begorra, that represints the Judge and will be glad to confer wid any party the other side may appint."

Whereupon Colonel Furey named Captain Macnaughton as his representative, and the combatants separated for the night.

It was afterward understood that hard words passed between Miss Bertha Maverick and her escort on the journey home, that lady alleging with tears and lamentation that the Colonel by his boisterous behavior had spoiled her evening's entertainment. On the other hand, it was reported that the lovely Kathleen, after an unqualified triumph over her foreign rival, had actually refused Captain Macnaughton's offer to escort her home, because she wished with her own hands to dress the Judge's wounds, after his encounter with the warlike Furey. So solictious was triumphant Venus for the comfort of her wounded Mars.

Howbeit, at an early hour of the following day, Judge Treddle, with all evidences of last evening's encounter carefully erased by flesh-colored court plaster, knocked loudly at the door of the O'Hara ranch.

"Good mornin', yer Honor, it's foine and illegant yer lookin' this mornin'," remarked Mr. O'Hara, answering the summons with ready flattery.

A faint smile struggled beneath the numerous patches that covered the Judge's face as his customary facetiousness betrayed itself.

"I'm sorry not to be able to return the compliment," he replied in defiance of the honest but ill-favored features of his friend.

"Faix, ye could if ye lied as I did!" retorted Mr. O'Hara with Milesian wit. He placed a chair for his guest, and divesting himself of his coat, the more ready to confront the present emergency, became suddenly grave.

"I suppose ye're aware, Jedge," he began cautiously, "that ye're afther bein' dhrunk last noight."

Judge Treddle, with some perceptible lowering of port, admitted that he had been more convivial in company with a visiting justice, the previous evening, than he considered advisable.

"Convivial, is it?" retorted Mr. O'Hara. "It's blind, paralyzed full, ye mane! Phat's this? Why, I moight hev used ye fur a railroad tie at the depot beyant and ye wouldn't said a wurred. Convivial indade! And it's foine goin's on and splendid tratement of me dauther, Kathleen, the proide of the village and herself the descindant of Ireland's ancient kings: It's blushin' for ye I am, Judge Treddle."

His Honor, now quite abashed, had feared that he owed Miss O'Hara an apology, and commissioned Mr. O'Hara to humbly petition her forgiveness. He pledged his judicial oath that it should never happen again.

"On that condition alone, Jedge," replied his friend, "fur that raison sole and entoirely, I take sides wid ye in the coming scrimmage. It's mad I was and indignant I am. And Mike O'Hara is too good at all to be shakin' his fist along wid ivery dhrunken blagyard and dead bate, let me tell ye! But, sez I, 'Faix, the Jedge is full and not responsible. And here's the Colonel red-hot for foightin', an' slingin' Egyptian lies to the confusion of us all, and it's the Jedge itself thet won't

stand it. And it's meself, Mike O'Hara, thet niver went back on a frind, and *I'm agin him!* An' begorra, an' by the powers, let them come on!"

He paused, extended a heavy hand to the Judge, shook it slowly, and then relinquishing it, as if laying aside some weapon of warfare, proceeded:

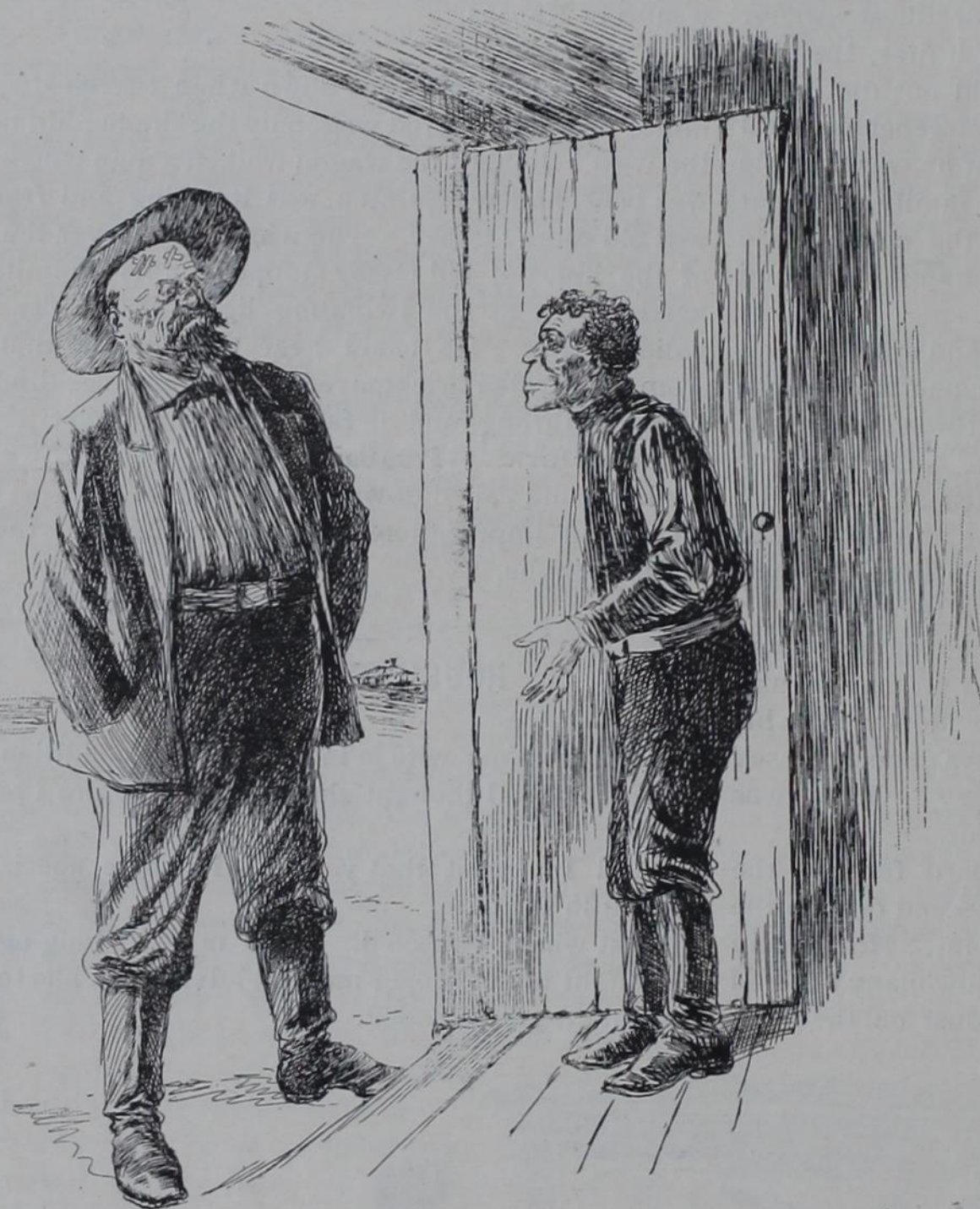
"And now, Jedge, with no hard feelin's over the state I found ye in, settin' thar in that very chair last noight, I axes ye to take off thet coat, and let me see the size of ye."

His Honor, in some wonder at the methods of his companion, complied. Mr. O'Hara solemnly produced a tape measure, mounted a chair, (for he was a short man,) and after testing the Judge's biceps and measuring the girth of his chest, got down from his perch and heaved a deep sigh.

A knock at the door surprised them. Mr. O'Hara hurried Judge Treddle into an adjoining bedroom and answered the summons. A tall, erect, military-looking man entered. It was Captain Macnaughton.

Mr. O'Hara placed a chair for his visitor, and then seating himself, was apparently overcome by a silent melancholy which precluded all conversation. After some minutes, Captain Macnaughton produced a couple of cigars, offered one to his host, and lighting the other, expressed himself as ready to entertain proposals.

Mr. O'Hara was still silent. At length raising his eyes he gravely inquired the dimensions of Colonel Furey's chest and the predominance of his biceps. Captain Macnaughton, in some surprise, was ignorant of these particulars. Mr. O'Hara then requested his own measurements. The captain complied.



"It's not an appale to arrums but to *fists*, bedad, that I require," he said finally, with emphasis, "and it's meself that belaves that the Jedge an' me kin swape the flure wid ye, ef we're not West Pointers!"

Captain Macnaughton hastened to assure Mr. O'Hara that he had no quarrel with him and failed to catch the drift of his remarks.

"I know that!" replied his host, now fully aroused, "but if you think that Mike O'Hara will take part in any dhuel widout takin' sides wid his pardner, I give ye fair warnin', young feller, ye're makin' a mishtake. Meself an' the Jedge will fight the two of ye, Marquis of Queensbury rules, any time durin' the next fortnight, an' if any man cries 'Craven,' may the divil fly away wid him!"

After some earnest argument the honest Hibernian was made to understand that a combat under the rules of the English prize ring was entirely inadequate to the present emergency, and under no circumstances to be entertained. He seemed dejected at this, but was informed that the choice still remained to him between pistols and swords. He brightened visibly and declared himself in favor of the former. Captain Macnaughton rose at once. "We will be at your service at sunrise to-morrow at 'Devil's Den,'" he said, adjusting his cap. "Have you any choice of surgeons?"

A humorous twinkle gleamed in Mr. O'Hara's blue eye.

"Bedad, thin, we have no use for thim at all!" he exclaimed. "But if ye'll take me advice, it's yerselves will take the precaution to bring along wid yees an undertaker an' two coffins!"

Captain "Mac" departed. I cannot, however, omit to chronicle an incident preceding his departure which appeared significant. As he loosened the rein of his gallant black steed—a blooded animal and a great favorite of the Captain's—a light laugh caused him to look up. It was Kate with her hands full of roses from the garden. The Captain lingered long enough to say rather pointedly that the dissipation of the previous evening had not stolen the roses from her cheeks, and to otherwise sentimentally express his admiration and devotion. Meanwhile, Miss O'Hara fastened a flower in his coat. I do not wish to convey a false impression, but I really think that while thus occupied, the Captain kissed the lovely Kathleen. It certainly looked that way. And it was noticeable that, before entering the house, the young lady passed her hands over her tresses and settled her collar, as if to efface all traces of late endearments. But the captain proceeded on his journey with so elated a bearing that none would have guessed the character of his errand.

The morning of the prospective duel dawned. In the still, gray light, the level spot of ground at the foot of the steep and rugged pile of rocks, known as Devil's Den, seemed gemmed with portulaca and wild verbena. Colonel Furey and his second arrived early. They came to the hostile field mounted, and tethered their horses among some bushes at the foot of the bluff. Colonel Bill was in good spirits, and lit a cigar to show

the Captain the confidence he felt in the state of his nerves. Five minutes later Mr. O'Hara appeared with a case of pistols under one arm and the Judge upon the other. The gentlemen exchanged a surly nod and a slight parley ensued.

"Are we to understand, sir?" inquired Captain Macnaughton, "that no apology is tendered for the affront put upon my principal the other night?"

The Judge and Mr. O'Hara exchanged glances.

"Divil a wahn!" replied the latter promptly. "Our principles is agin it!"

"Enough!" exclaimed Colonel Furey, glaring furiously at Judge Treddle. "You are a dead man, sir! but since you will it so, so be it."

Amid an ominous silence the pistols—two large frontier Colts—were cleaned and loaded. The ground was measured and the principals placed in position.

"These weapons will suffice, I think," said Captain Macnaughton, as he noticed Mr. O'Hara opening the case he had carried and producing two silver-mounted self-cocking revolvers.

"Indade, ye'll niver know that till ye git through," replied that gentleman, "an' it's always best to come fully prepared. Are *you* ready?"

"You are to fire, gentlemen, at the word 'three!' explained the captain. The duellists nodded. Even Mr. O'Hara was seen to mutter a fervent "All roight!" as he prudently ensconced himself behind a neighboring tree.

An instant later the word was given. At the moment of the order Mr. O'Hara's hand stole suddenly to his breast. Three distinct reports resounded through Devil's Den, and as the smoke of the discharges uplifted, a shriek as unearthly as indescribable resounded among the rocks.

The combatants, however, remained standing, and Colonel Furey, turning to his second, inquired if he had not heard three shots.

"And felt one, too," returned the latter. "The bullet whizzed by me in this direction. I think we had better make a search."

They did so, and discovered Captain Macnaughton's black charger shot through the body and already in the agonies of death. In their anxiety for the poor animal the hostilities of the moment were disregarded. Col. Furey and Judge Treddle knelt side by side in equal

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**Horsford's Acid Phosphate**

**Makes Delicious Lemonade.**

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.



solicitude. Together they ministered to his sufferings, and when, at length, the stricken creature yielded up his life, the affront that had summoned them to the field of honor was forgotten amid the sorrow with which they were overwhelmed.

A singular forbearance was observed by all parties with regard to the cause of the accident. Judge Treddle, whose back was turned at the time, muttered something about the "carelessness of hunters shooting in the brush," Colonel Furey, having had his attention concentrated upon his antagonist was apparently puzzled; and the captain, who presumably had his suspicions, said nothing. This remarkable reticence mystified Mr. O'Hara.

He returned from the hostile field, however, with an air of triumph. That evening, an announcement made to him by his lovely daughter caused a light to break in upon his mind. It was when she told him that she was engaged to Captain Macnaughton.

"The devil ye say!" exclaimed Mr. O'Hara, forgetting himself in his astonishment. "And is it since yesterday, ye're tellin' me? Be the powers, to think that, wid me deadly aim, I moight hev destroyed your husband and me own son to wahnst! Would ye moind the like of that!"

THE END.

#### Nothing Extraordinary About That.

Some ten or twelve years ago an incident happened at Gibraltar which illustrates the practical views of a certain class of people. A subaltern named O'Donohue was the officer of the guard at the Elphinstone Guard. At the point of the world-known rock there is a sheer drop of over 1,000 feet. A lieutenant who had taken too much champagne at a mess dinner walked over the rock and undoubtedly was dead before he reached the rocks far below. When the officer of the guard upon being relieved made out his report of his guard, he made no mention of the fact. Indeed, when he came to fill in his report and reached the question, "Has anything extraordinary happened while you were officer of the guard?" he wrote in the blank space reserved for the answer, "Nothing."

Of course, he was summoned before Lord Napier of Magdala, the Governor of Gibraltar. When he appeared, Lord Napier asked:

"You were officer of the guard at Elphinstone Guard yesterday?"

"I was, sir."

"And this is your report?"

"It is, sir."

"Lieutenant M. was killed by walking over the rock?"

"He was, sir."

"You knew that when you made out your report?"

"I did, sir."

"That he was killed?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you said in your report that nothing extraordinary had happened on your guard?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, Mr. O'Donohue," said Lord Napier, sternly, "don't you think it is extraordinary when a lieutenant walks over the rock, falls 1,000 feet and is killed?"

"Indeed, sir," was the prompt reply. "I should think it was extraordinary if he had fallen that far and not been killed?"—New York Tribune.

#### An Insinuation.

"Where do you get your cigars, Bromley?"

"Why do you want to know that? You've always blackguarded them so."

"I want to know because my wife objects to tobacco smoke, and I've got to smoke something,"—N. Y. Sun.



"Did her father kick?" "Yes, but he missed, thank Heaven."—Life.

SONG of the spread-eagle orator—My dream of life is soar.—The Hatchet.

A POET says the heart is made tough by being often tendered.—N. O. Picayune.

IN TEXAS it is unlucky to find a horse-shoe, if a horse happens to be attached to it.—Yenowine's News.

CLEVERTON—"Are you going yachting this season?" Dashaway—"No, I've signed the pledge."—Life.

A DRESSMAKER sometimes misses a train, but not so often as she trains the misses.—Norristown Herald.

"I'm having a 'gallus' time," said the old bachelor, as he mended one of his suspenders.—New York Journal.

DABBS—"So poor Dick's in trouble again; anything serious?" Jabbs—"Oh, no: in love."—Harvard Lampoon.

"TRUST no man" is a sweeping motto; but not so much so as if "or woman" were added.—Kentucky State Journal.

"You look real tired." "I am." "Well, I don't see what tired you. You danced less than any girl in the room."—Puck.

WHAT'S in a name? That which we call limburger, by any other name, would odoriferate the same.—N. Y. Dispatch.

MISS WISEMAN—"Isn't your husband a little bald?" Mrs. Hendricks (indignantly)—"There isn't a bald hair in his head."—Chatter.

If Mr. Stanley and his wife ever quarrel it is quite possible that they will carry the war into Africa.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

ELSIE—"Did you know papa well before you married him, mamma?" Mother, (sadly)—"No, dear, I didn't."—Harvard Lampoon.

SUMMER GIRL (roguishly)—"Why do you want to kiss me?" College Youth (frankly)—"Oh, just to get acquainted."—Munsey's Weekly.

SMYTHE—"You look unhappy. What's the matter?" Roberts—"I have had a row with my uncle." Smythe—"Did you lose the tickets?"—Ex.

BEATRICE—"Isn't that man a fine type of a runner?" Harry—"He may be a fine type, but he has just made a miss-sprint."—Harvard Lampoon.

A PARAGRAPH may have as much force as a treatise. If a man can be killed with a darning needle, why hire trained elephants to roll over him?—Puck.

AN article in a scientific paper tells "how to prevent railroad accidents." Another way is to abolish the railroads and travel by water.—Norristown Herald.

A GOOD deal of wisdom is condensed into proverbs, but the man who would make them the sole rule of his life might as well try to fatten himself on extract of beef.—Puck.

It takes five minutes to show an ice-man that ice should go up, and a century to show him that it should go down; and it will be very costly where he goes when he dies.—Judge.

"I saw the new picture of Johnson in the artist's studio." "Look like him?" "I can't say; it was just finished; it wasn't dry." "O! then it can't be like Johnson."—Philadelphia Times.

A LITTLE girl was to recite a verse of Scripture in Sunday-school, but failed to remember it. She said: "Mamma, what is my verse? Oh! I know now: 'Blessed are the dressmakers.'"—Sunshine.

It is reported that a Kentucky Colonel, with forty cents in his pocket, committed suicide. Don't any one believe that. No genuine Kentucky colonel will commit suicide with the cash for four drinks in his pocket.—Kentucky State Journal.

Ladies are greatly benefited by the use of Angostura Bitters, the South American tonic.

#### The Deadliest of Serpents.

It was a hot Sunday morning in India, without a cloud in the brazen skies. We had just come home from early morning service, and had taken our seats at the breakfast table. At the open door of our dining-room our Telugu school teacher appeared, saying: "Sir, a big cobra has just been chasing a frog through the whole length of your front veranda. He struck at it again and again as it sprang past the open doors of your sitting-room, but the frog, uttering piercing shrieks (as a frog can when pursued by a serpent), sprang each time quick enough to elude its jaws, and together they rushed off the end of the veranda, and the frog sprang under a box that is standing there, too near down upon the hard floor for the big cobra to get under, and so escaped."

"Well," said I, "where is the cobra now?"

"That is just what I don't know," said he, "for, while I was looking to see what had become of the frog, how he had got away, the cobra disappeared among the flower pots, and I cannot see where he has gone."

"He must have a hole there close by the veranda somewhere," said I.

"Will you please go and watch until I come, and see if you can get sight of him again, for he must be killed if possible if he lives as near the house as that."

I don't go a shooting on Sunday, but I went for my pistol then, for I considered it decidedly a work of necessity and mercy to put an end to the danger of ourselves or our people being bitten by the deadly cobra. Soon appearing with a revolver, which I keep for traveling through the jungles by night, I went to hunting for the cobra's hole.

Two large native flower pots stood about six feet from the end of the veranda, with each a beautiful rose growing in it, of which my wife was very fond, and beside which she almost daily stood picking dead leaves, or watering and tending the roses. I soon discovered a hole in the ground about as large as my wrist, partly concealed by the grass that was growing right between the two flower pots, which were far enough apart for a person to stand between them. The hole went down perpendicularly, growing larger as it went deeper. It took but a moment to bring a hand mirror and throw the reflection of the bright sun right down into the hole. It revealed a horizontal chamber only a foot or so deep, and the glistening scales of a cobra coiled up at rest.

Taking a piece of a broken wagon tire in my left hand to stop up the hole with, and placing the end of it slantingly in the hole, I fired down into the hole. Not a motion was seen. I had missed. Turning the tire edgewise I fired again. What a squirming there was! The cobra had been wounded. He struck up viciously at the iron, which was turned down flat as soon as I had fired, to keep him from darting out at us. I turned the iron edgewise and fired again, and again. When I had unloaded the sixth barrel I let him strike his head out, and caught it against the side with the iron tire. I had brought out with me a pair of large hedge shears. With these I caught hold of its protruding neck, and, with a stout pull with both hands, pulled him out and gave him a flint out into the compound. What a scattering there was of men, women and children! My attention had been so taken up by the snake that I had not noticed what a crowd had gathered around. How they screamed and ran! for they did not know that the grip of the shears had dislocated the fellow's neck, and, seeing a full-sized cobra flying out toward them, they seemed to think that he was springing at them.

As I grasped the head of the cobra with the shears, I had given the wagon tire to the teacher, asking him to insert the end again instantly that I drew the cobra out, for where one cobra is you will usually find a second. I came back and threw the rays of the sun in again. Yes, there were bright cobra scales and another cobra wriggling. Loading my pistol again I repeated the firing, hoping that he would strike his head up out, so that I could catch his head also. Squirm and strike as he did, his head did not come out of the hole until I had fired many times; but it finally came, and I secured him also. On drawing him out and examining him closely we found fourteen pistol ball holes through his body, and still there was fight in him. Any three of the wounds would have proved fatal in time; but he died making a splendid fight. We laid the cobras out in the veranda and measured them. One of them measured five feet eleven inches, and the other six feet two inches, than which one rarely finds a cobra larger. Their holes showed that they had evidently been living there, right among the flower pots that were tended daily and within six feet of our veranda and within twelve feet of my study door, for weeks or months. Though the cobra is the deadliest serpent known, and thousands of persons die of their bite yearly in India, no one in our mission has ever been harmed by one.—Toronto Truth.

#### A Girl Worth Having.

A few weeks ago I read in your paper Mr. Moorehead's experience in the Plating Business, in which he cleared \$167.85 in a month; but I beat that if I am a girl. I sent as he directed and got a Plater and cleared \$208.17 in one month. Can any of your readers beat this? You can get spoons, forks or jewelry to plate at every house. Send \$3 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, and they will send you a Plater, and you can make money enough in three hours to pay for it, or address them for circulars. There is plenty of work to do in both city and country; then why should any person be poor or out of employment with such an opportunity at hand. I hope my experience will help others as much as Mr. Moorehead's did me. Laura B.

#### Growing Very Profane.

Mrs. Blinks is a pleasant, mild-mannered little woman, who is almost heart-broken over the fact that her husband is addicted to the use of profanity.

"Why don't you swear back at him?" said her sister one day.

"I couldn't do anything like that," said Mrs. Blinks. But her sister is a woman with much force of character, and succeeded in exacting a promise that this rigorous method would be tried.

Mr. Blinks came home rather tired, and not in a very amiable mood.

"Well," he said, as he glanced over the table disgustedly, "if this ain't the slimmest meal I ever saw I be d—."

"So—so will I, John," rejoined Mrs. Blinks, meekly.—Washington Post.

#### Peace on Earth

Awaits that countless army of martyrs, whose ranks are constantly recruited from the victims of nervousness and nervous diseases. The price of the boon is a systematic course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest and most genial of tonic nervines, pursued with reasonable persistence. Easier, pleasanter and safer than to swash the victim's department with pseudo-tonics, alcoholic or the reverse, beef extracts, nerve foods, narcotics, sedatives and poisons in disguise. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is the providential recuperant of weak nerves, and this glorious franchise being usually the consequences of sound digestion and increased vigor, the great stomachic which insures both is productive also of repose at the required time. Not unrefreshed awakens the individual who uses it, but vigorous, clear headed and tranquil. Use the Bitters also in fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney troubles, constipation and biliousness.

Razzle—"How much did you pay for that dress suit you had the other evening?" Dazzle—"Fifty cents an hour."—Clothier and Furnisher.

**Derangement of the liver**, with constipation, injures the complexion, induces pimples, sallowness. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.



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MELVIN E. CARTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

#### Easily Accounted For.

"Young Naturalist" writes: "Do you think the dog is losing his sagacity? If not, how do you account for the fact that we have fewer narratives and incidents of wonderful displays of human intelligence on the part of dogs nowadays than formerly?" Oh, it isn't the fault of the dog, at all; he's just as bright and intelligent as ever he was; more intelligent, we should say, as he is better trained and taught. But people don't lie so recklessly about such matters as they formerly did. The railway has reformed the country in that respect. It used to be that a man could tell a story that would make an iron lamp-post cringe about a dog his uncle owned out in Ochiltree county, and he was safe, because nobody could get there in a lifetime. But now a man can jump on a train and go anywhere in a week, and find out all about everything in two days after he gets there. So even people who are naturally truthful have to restrain their imaginations because there is no safe place to locate the dog if you make him too remarkable. You notice that most of our remarkable dogs and snakes, etc., are located in the most inaccessible places. The snake editor of this paper, for instance, who was engaged away back in Stanley Huntley's time, was secured in the first place as geographical editor, and it was later on that it occurred to the manager to utilize his intimate knowledge of remote places in the compilation of interesting facts and stories in natural history. Don't you notice that every year the Smithsonian Institute sends the curator away to all manner of wild, unheard of places that nobody else ever heard of, to gather up a lot of new material? And whenever the scientific men want to observe the transit of Venus, or an equatorial eclipse of the sun, or anything of that sort, they never stay at home, as the rest of us do, and take in the scene through a piece of smoked glass; no, they go away from home some nine or ten thousand miles, with no end of things that a layman doesn't know how to look through. Then when they come home; my! my! The things they have seen! Dear, dear! H'm? Am I a scientist? Well, in some things I am; I have a little smattering of science, yes. I know how to make up a report so's to make your hair curl.—R. J. Burdette.

#### Figs and Thistles.

The moment a tree stops growing it dies. The same is true of a soul. Man is not lost by doing, but for being—for being the enemy of God. God nowhere commands us to succeed. What He requires is faithfulness. It is a thousand times better to have the devil's war than the devil's peace. Our work has great value in the sight of God because His love for us is great. You can tell a good deal about a man's religion by the way he treats his horse. If a man could gain the whole earth it would be too small to satisfy his desires. The first step toward conversion is to be willing to be converted in God's way. Before we can rejoice fully in the possessions of God we must first possess Him. If we are not willing to do little things, we can never hope to do great ones. If you don't want to get your fingers burned, never shake hands with the devil. God can never make peace with His enemies until they have become His friends. If head religion could take people to heaven, somebody would get there in a balloon. The man who does not work with his heart will not accomplish much with his hands.—The Ram's Horn.

#### A Gay Town.

First Commercial Traveler—"I like to strike Milwaukee. It's a lively town, with its theatres and music gardens, athletic games going on all the time, bands of music and processions constantly passing"—  
Second Commercial Traveler—"I never saw any of that. I've always found Milwaukee a sober business city."  
First Commercial Traveler—"I guess you never stayed there over Sunday."—Puck.

#### Not a Gobbler.

Snooper—"Do you take me for a turkey, Simeral?"  
Simeral—"No; why?"  
Snooper—"Then stop trying to stuff me with chestnuts."—West Shore.  
The soft glow of the tea rose is acquired by ladies who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder. Try it.

#### Doing the Right Thing.

The train was just pulling out of Weston, Mo., for St. Joe, when one of the passengers in the smoker put his head so far out of the window that a man near him felt it his duty to utter a note of warning.  
"Yes, it is a little risky," replied the man, as he pulled in his head and sat down, "but I was looking for a grave in that field. Reckon it has been plowed under and forgotten."  
"How did they happen to bury him there?"  
"It's a sad story, gentlemen—very sad. It was just ten years this month, and I was living here then. A stranger came in from the West with three horses to sell, and he acted so queerly that we clapped him in jail. He never denied that he stole 'em, and one night the boys turned out and hung him to a tree back there. That used to be our way of discouraging the business, and I believe it is still practiced further west. We buried him near the tree, and it was his grave I was looking for."  
"Never denied it, eh?" queried one of the listeners.  
"Never did, although we gave him every chance. Just a week from the time he was hung we found out that he was an honest, honorable farmer, living about forty miles below us. While he hadn't stolen the horses, he had killed a man, and he no doubt believed we were hanging him for that. We felt mean enough when we discovered that he was no horse thief, and that all he had done was to pop a man over, and a Kansas man at that, and he must have been sadly puzzled over our conduct. We made such reparation as we could, however."  
"In what way?"  
"Oh, we rounded up the grave, passed resolutions of sympathy for the wife, sent the horses on home, and a few months later I went up and married his widow. She's in the next car behind."—Times-Democrat.

#### Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

#### Looked That Way.

Saturday morning a prisoner at the Woodbridge street station, who had been brought in dead drunk the night before, called for the sergeant and asked:  
"Officer, am I in limbo?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Was I brought in drunk?"  
"Very drunk."  
"Will I get thirty days?"  
"Sure to."  
"Have I any money?"  
"Not a red."  
"Thanks. The hand of Providence is in it. If I wasn't sent up I'd be prowling around on the glorious Fourth dead broke and with nothing to holler about. 'Tis well. Give me the front seat in the Maria."—Detroit Free Press.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may be well termed "Perfection."

#### Paresis Perhaps.

Inquiring Guest—"Waiter!"  
Waiter—"Yes, sah."  
Inquiring Guest—"What is this you have let fall on my bread?"  
Waiter—"Dat, sah, is calf's brains on toast, sah."  
Inquiring Guest (after a long and careful observation)—"What a deuced idiot that calf must have been!"—Puck.

#### Wanted Stock Cuts.

"What can I do for you?" asked the keeper of a printers' supply house, advancing to meet a man that had just entered the place.  
"I want to see some cuts."  
"What sort of cuts?"  
"Cuts of women."  
"Do you want to use them for advertising purposes?"  
"Oh, no. You see I am the editor of a magazine and thought it was about time to give another collection of American beauties. I could have the cuts engraved, you know, but the stock variety does quite as well."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Jones (at 2 A. M.)—"Let's stop in this restaurant and get an oyster fry."

Smith (examining his watch)—"I haven't time for a fry now. I'll get a roast when I get home."—Arcola Record.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)  
**Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.**  
**25cts. a Box.**  
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Westchester Avenue, New York. One mile north of Harlem Bridge. Boarding and Day School for young ladies. This institution, in its plan of education, unites every advantage that can be derived from a punctual and conscientious care bestowed on the pupils, in every branch of science becoming to their sex. The scholastic year begins regularly on the first Monday of September; also first Monday in February. But scholars received at any time. For further particulars, circular, etc., address

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SEASON 1890-91



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- 2.--"New York to, and All About Paris."

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**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**









In this issue of TEXAS SIFTINGS appears No. 2 of the Jackson P. Hoofnackle Letters. Hoofnackle is the creation of that talented German humorist, Louis Willich, editor of the St. Louis *Latrine*. The letters are very amusing, and will be continued in TEXAS SIFTINGS from week to week.

The leading story in St. Nicholas tells how a baby grand-niece of Gen. Washington was taken a prisoner of war. It will interest all mothers as well as little readers. Elizabeth Robins Pennell tells what she knows about Cycling, illustrated by Joseph Pennell and H. C. Edwards. Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa affords graphic sketches of the Dark Land. A great variety of other illustrated articles make up an excellent number of this best of all magazines for young folks.

The Magazine of Art opens with a delightful Study of Cats, gives us more portraits of Robert Browning, tells us what the Royal Academicians are doing, furnishes a fine portrait of Sir Moses Montefiore and a full page picture, after the painting of W. Dendy Sadler, of Darby and Joan. There is an illustrated poem by Lord Houghton, and there are illustrated papers on 'The Work of Morel-Laderid and The National Gallery of Ireland. Altogether this is a particularly attractive number. Cassell & Co., \$3.50 a year.

Oscar Wilde contributes the complete novel to Lippincott's Magazine, entitled The Picture of Dorian Gray. There is an interesting article upon the Chiropractic of To-day, by an expert in palmistry, and a biographical sketch of Senator John J. Ingalls. Prof. Felix L. Oswald contributes a paper upon The Powers of the Air. The Round Robin Talks are furnished by a number of prominent magicians, including Richard Malcom Johnson and Julian Hawthorne. The poems are by Elizabeth Stoddard and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

In The Popular Science Monthly Andrew D. White treats of the antiquity of men and prehistoric archaeology, showing the utter inadequacy of the orthodox chronology based by theologians upon our sacred books. Greenland and the Greenlanders, by Elisie Reclus, is strikingly illustrated. Miss M. W. Brooks contributes an article that will interest all housekeepers on Insect Pests of the House. A Talk About Meteorites treats of an interesting subject, and Telperage in Practical Use shows how electricity may be applied to the transportation of freight. The biographical sketch is of Matthew Fontaine Maury, with a portrait. These are a few of the valuable articles which make up the number.

#### An Impossible Episode.

Customer (in grocery store)—"Is this butter really good, Mr. Shortwayte?"

Shortwayte—"Not very good, Madam. You could get a better article at the grocer's on the next corner."—The Epoch.

We think we can cure a bad case of Backache quicker with one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters, than by any other application, and after the Backache is cured, you can still wear the plaster without discomfort for two or three weeks, or longer. This combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna is a great hit, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

#### And They Still Lived.

Six hearty-looking, full-blooded young men, attired in the half uniform and peaked caps of petty officers of one of the "tramp" or freight ocean steamships, entered a big, all-night eating house in New York City the other night, and found seats at a table. They were accompanied by a chubby boy of thirteen or so, also in half naval uniform. One of the young men had evidently been in the country at least once before. The others were undoubtedly making the most of their first night ashore in a foreign land. They were sober, steady-going young fellows, but how they did eat, despite the sultriness of the night! One had mutton chops, another pork chops, a third veal cutlets, and so on; while the boy ate a sirloin steak, with occasional cuts from his elders' well-laden plates. Vegetables galore and plenty of coffee went with the first course. Then the young officer who had been here before whispered to his mates the name of a famous American delicacy, and behold, every man Jack of them, including the boy, ordered a soft-shell crab and a bottle of beer. Then they consulted with the man who had been here before, and mince pie for the party was ordered. Anything else? Oh, yes. The experienced member of the little band of marine visitors said he thought he would try some vanilla ice-cream, and every one followed suit. The boy downed two plates of the frigid delicacy in a jiffy.

"Now," said one of the unsophisticated young sailors, "let's have some 'arf an' 'arf."

This was too much for even the chaperon. "Ale in this climate, after such a supper," he said severely, "is out of the question. You would be dead before morning. Don't trifle with your stomach, man; but when you're in America, do as Americans do. Try a mint julep?"

And a mint julep was swallowed by every man and the boy. I have watched the papers pretty close since, but have heard of no deaths or even cases of serious illness on board of any foreign vessel in port.—New York Star.

#### He Also Had Rules.

He had opened a restaurant in Buffalo, and after two or three weeks he called at a bank to get the cash on a small check received from some one in Philadelphia, says the New York Sun.

"Have to be identified, sir," said the teller as he shoved it back.

"But I am Blank of the new restaurant around the corner,"

"Must be identified."

"This is payable to me or order, and I've indorsed it," protested the restauranter.

"Can't help it, sir. Rules of the bank."

The man went out and brought some one back to identify him, and the money was handed over. Three days later the teller dropped in for a lunch at the new restaurant. He had taken a seat and given his order, when the proprietor approached him and said:

"Have to be identified, sir."

"How? What?"

"Have to be identified before you can get anything here, sir."

"Identified? I don't understand you," protested the teller.

"Plain as day, sir. Rule of the house that all bank officials have to be identified. Better go out and find some responsible party who knows you."

"Hanged if I do!" growled the teller, and he reached for his hat and coat and banged the door hard as he went out.

#### Down to Hard Pan.

Mrs. Statesman—"Are you going out this evening?"

Mr. Statesman—"Yes, I have promised

to attend the St. Patrick Club reception and deliver an oration on 'The Irish In America. What Would The Country Do Without Them?' Is there any thing you want down town, my dear?"

Mrs. Statesman—"Yes; I wish you would stop at the employment office and ask them to send me a good American, English, French, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Italian or colored girl for general housework.—Puck.

#### Pepper Your Strawberries.

"Pepper on your strawberries?" said a dusky waiter at Dooner's Hotel yesterday.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished guest, trying to think what day it was, lest there might be some reason for playing a joke on him. "No, thank you. What do you mean by that?"

"Well, boss," says the other, "all gentlemen now takes pepper on strawberries. Just try one."

The guest did as directed, and to his surprise found it delightful, and soon sprinkled the whole saucer with the condiment.

"Do I now call for salt, mustard and vinegar?" said the guest; "I want to be up to the times."

"No, sah; take 'em jist that way; you'll find 'em elegant."

The guest investigated, and soon found that a gentleman from the Orange Free State, in South Africa, was stopping at the hotel recently, and insisted on treating his berries with pepper. This set the fashion, which is rapidly coming into favor.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

#### The Telephone Trouble.

Fogg—"Doctor, my wife is very nervous, and she seems to be in a very bad state."

Doctor—"Yes; her nerves are completely shattered. Have you a telephone at your house?"

"We have."

"And does your wife use it much?"

"Frequently."

"No wonder her nerves are unstrung. No change of air will be necessary. Just sell your telephone."—America.

## THE GREATEST SHORT STOP IN THE WORLD!

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, applied externally, instantly stops all pains, whether arising from Colds, Sprains, Bruises, or any cause whatever. Stops Cramps, Stops Neuralgia, Stops Rheumatism, Stops Headache, Stops Toothache, Stops Lumbago, Stops Sciatica, Stops Backache, Stops Pains in the Chest, &c. Internally, a half of a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water, and applied according to printed directions.

## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Stops Diarrhoea, Stops Summer Complaints, Stops Dysentery, Stops Colic, Stops Cholera Morbus, Stops Nausea, Stops Vomiting, Stops Heartburn, Stops Spasms, Stops Cramps in the Stomach, Stops Malaria, Stops Chills and Fever, quicker than any other known Remedy. 50 cents a bottle; sold by all druggists.

Dr. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

#### Convinced.

Police Captain—"Have you attended to that burglary at Mr. Goodman's house?"

Detective—"Yes; been at work on it all day."

"What is your conclusion?"

"A robbery has been committed."

"Very well. Now go to work on these other cases."—Good News.

## AYER'S PILLS

Excel all others as a family medicine. They are suited to every constitution, old and young, and, being sugar-coated, are agreeable to take. Purely vegetable, they leave no ill effects, but strengthen and regulate the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restore every organ to its normal function. For use either at home or abroad, on land or sea, these Pills

#### Are the Best.

"Ayer's Pills have been used in my family for over thirty years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and all bilious troubles, and seldom call a physician. They are almost the only pill used in our neighborhood."—Redmon C. Comly, Row Landing P. O., W. Feliciana Parish, La.

"I have been in this country eight years, and, during all this time, neither I, nor any member of my family have used any other kind of medicine than Ayer's Pills, but these we always keep at hand, and I should not know how to get along without them."—A. W. Soderberg, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills as a

#### Family Medicine

for 35 years, and they have always given the utmost satisfaction."—James A. Thornton, Bloomington, Ind.

"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe headache, from which I was long a sufferer."—Emma Keyes, Hubbardstown, Mass.

## Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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Watch Clubs and Installment frauds exposed. For discussion send for Catalogue, free. E. P. PERCIVAL, Watchmaker, 221 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa. 20-year Gold filled Keystone Watches \$15. Elgin, Waltham, Rockford, Springfield Works, \$1 extra. Mention Siftings

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## Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



## VERSES NEW AND OLD.

## THE MAID AND THE BEE.



A yell rang out!  
The distant wood  
Re-echoed with the cry;  
'Twas such a shout  
As Stentor could  
Not equal if he try.  
I hastened there—  
The quivering air  
Seemed racked as if with pain;  
And saw a maid  
Deep in the glade,  
Shrieking with might and main.  
Springing to her I asked to know  
What made her yell and tremble so;  
She said she'd plucked a bumble-bee,  
Thinking it was a black-berree.

—Binghamton Republican.

## WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT.

Tho' yer lamp o' life is burnin' with clear and steady light,  
An' it never seems ter flicker, but it's allers shinin' bright;  
Tho' it sheds its rays unbroken for a thousand happy days—  
Father Time is ever turnin' down her wick that feeds her blaze.  
So it clearly is yer duty ef you've got a thing to do  
Ter put yer shoulder to ther wheel and try to push her through;  
Ef yer upon a wayward track yer better turn about—  
You've lost ther chance to do it when the light goes out.  
Speak kindly to ther woman who is workin' for yer praise,  
Ther same way ez you used ter in those happy courtin' days;  
She likes appreciation just the same ez me an' you,  
And its only right and proper that yer give her what is due.  
Don't wait until her lamp o' life is burnin' dim an' low,  
Afore you tell her that you orter told her long ago—  
Now's ther time ter cheer her up and put her blues to rout—  
You've lost ther chance to do it when the light goes out.  
Don't keep a puttin' matters off an' settin' dates ahead—  
To-morrow's sun'll find a hundred thousand of us dead;  
Don't think because yer feelin' well you won't be sick no more—  
Sometimes the reddest pippin has a worm-hole to ther core.  
Don't let a killin' habit grow upon you soft and still  
Because you think that you ken throw it from you at your will—  
Now's the time to quit it, when yer feelin' brave and stout—  
You've lost ther chance ter do it when the light goes out.

—Exchange.

## Fun for the Small Boy.

Young America is nothing if not ingenious, remarks the Washington Post. In fact, the ability of the small boy of the period to keep abreast of the time is something quite remarkable. With new innovations in the practical arts come new methods of amusement for the youth of the times. The Washington boy is often heard from.

The Seventh-street cable system had not been many days in operation before a curious spectacle presented itself along the line of the road and for which the incorrigible small boy was directly responsible. Early one morning the pedestrians and shopkeepers near the upper end of the road were startled by seeing a tomato can skimming along the center of the car track at a rapid rate with no visible means of locomotion. Chasing after the can was a motley crowd of urchins, who kept up an incessant howl of delight as the can went on its mad rush down the street.

It was much such a crowd of small boys as would, in a country town, derive great pleasure by tying a tin coffee-pot to the tail of the unfortunate tramp dog of the neighborhood. As is frequently the case with the poor dog, the tomato can in this instance finally distanced the pursuers, for one by one they became exhausted in the race and dropped behind. The can moved rapidly down the street, and after badly frightening several horses, it disappeared in the distance, much to the wonder of the startled spectators.

On careful inquiry and after seeing a second can on a similar journey down the track, the cause of the mystery was quickly solved. A small boy whose genius deserved a better motive had punched a hole in the bottom of an ordinary fruit or tomato can. Dangling from this hole was about one and one-half yards of his mother's best clothes-line, secured by several knots on the inside of the can. The lower end of the rope has been untwisted and frayed out, so that the strands and fibers radiated in all directions.

After this had been done to his satisfaction he went to the cable track with his new toy, and on seeing that no car would be along for a few moments, he stood the can in the center of the down track, directly over the slot. Then with a lath he poked the frayed end of the rope down through the slot into the conduit, and by one or two dextrous movements managed to have its loose strands catch hold of the rough wires of the swift-running cable.

The result was that the can, which was attached to the other end of the rope, began to move along the top of the irons either side of the slot, and as the frayed ends of the rope became wound securely about the cable the can traveled down the track at the same rate of speed as the cable was running, much to the delight of the army of small boys who had by this time congregated.

Considering all the circumstances of the case—the age of the boy, the circumscribed time in which he could test his invention, the probability that his scalp would be lifted if caught—the genius necessary to make his performance a success was little short of that displayed by the invention of the cable car locomotion itself.

## No Novelty.

American Millionaire (in Paris, proudly)—“My daughter is being waited on by a duke.”

Old Traveler—“Well, dukes make excellent waiters. There are several of them in our restaurant, too.”—Good News.

## The Promptings of a Confirmed Habit.

A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition was so unfortunate as to have a wife of very different character—in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company of a few intimate friends one evening, one of them remarked to him that if she was his wife—since all other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way so that she would quit, and proposed the following method: that some time, when dead drunk, she should be laid into a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her drunken fit should be over and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the lady being in a proper state, the plan was put into execution, and after the box lid was properly secured the party before alluded to watched, each in turn, to witness the result. About daylight next morning the watcher, hearing a movement, laid himself down beside the box, when her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times, was heard to say:

“Bless me! why, where am I?”

The outsider replied, in sepulchral tone:

“Madam, you are dead and in the other world.”

A pause ensued. The lady again inquired:

“Where are you?”

“Oh, I'm dead, too,” said he.

“Can you tell me how long I've been dead?”

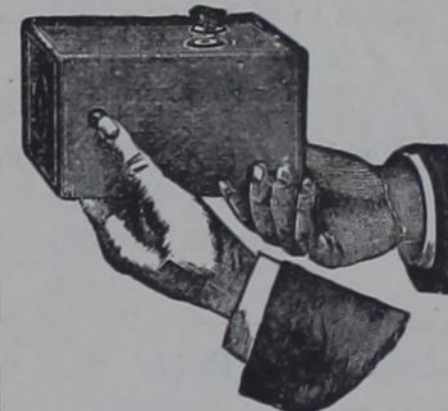
“About three weeks.”

“How long have you been dead?”

“Four months.”

“Well, you've been here so much longer than I have, can't you tell me where I can get a little gin?”—Truth.

## NEW KODAKS



“You press  
the button,  
we do the  
rest.”

## Seven New Styles and Sizes

ALL LOADED WITH **Transparent Films.**  
For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,  
Send for Catalogue. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER

“The Ladies' Leading Home Paper”

Is now in its 13th year and is still increasing in popularity. It is issued twice each month and contains 16 to 24 pages, filled with everything interesting to ladies.

In Household Matters, Fancy Work, Fashion, Dress-making, Toilet, Notes on Housekeeping, Dining Room, Kitchen, Flowers, Our Home Talks, Mothers' Council, Young Folks, Sketches, and Poetry, Continued and Short Stories. Many of the articles are illustrated. THE HOUSEKEEPER IS PRACTICAL

AND HELPFUL TO ALL.

It is well printed on good paper; has no superiors and few equals, and is read by 600,000 ladies, but to still further increase its circulation, we **WILL SEND EVERY LADY** who will become a yearly subscriber (\$1.00 is the regular yearly subscription price), or who will work for us a few minutes, a splendid

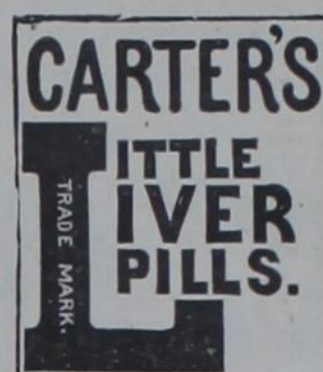
## Summer Corset Free

These corsets are very fine, and are made expressly for us by one of the most reliable firms, of heavy wash blond, and are stiffened and stayed with bands of saten, and are made with open mesh, to admit of a free circulation of air, so necessary in warm weather. They are well finished and are warranted to keep their stylish shape, they are delightfully

COOL and COMFORTABLE. We will send The Housekeeper one year (24 numbers), and one of these corsets, postpaid, for only \$1.50, or to any one sending us two yearly subscribers and \$2 we will send a corset postpaid as a premium; or for \$3 we will send The Housekeeper one year, and a corset to each of the two ladies, and one to the club raiser, postpaid, as a premium. Sample copies, and Grand Premium List free to all. Be sure to give size of corset wanted. **THIS OFFER WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN. AGENTS WANTED.**

THE HOUSEKEEPER, No. 7 4th St. N. Minneapolis, Minn.

PATRIOTS—“I hear a lot of actors have been sent to the Island for vagrancy. ‘Case of stars and stripes?’—Exchange.



## CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

## SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

## HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

## ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Ask your store-keeper for a bundle of COLGAN'S TAFFY-TOLU. It's delicious.

MARRY--Correspondents for fun or matrimony free. Address Box 85, Toledo, O.

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Self-threading needles. Weak sighted or blind can thread them. Finest silver spring steel. Sample paper by mail, 10c., 5 for 25c., 12, 50c. Money easily made selling them. C. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the diseases of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

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TOOK IT FOR A SCALP MARKET.

CRAZY BULL (after thoughtful examination of wig display in window of Standing Rock's new hairdressing establishment)—Say; tink mebbly Injun dig up hatchet 'n go on war path nex' week. How much you pay fur good white scalp now?

#### How to Write a Letter.

Write the date distinctly, the day of the month and the year—not just the day of the week.

Write on plain, unlined paper.

Write your "q's" and "y's" differently, their tails turned in opposite directions.

Write your "t's" with a cross and your "i's" with a dot.

Write an answer to your friend's questions; if she had not wanted to know she would not have asked you.

Write with black ink—pale or faded ink has broken off more friendships and love affairs than one would imagine.

Write your name distinctly. If you are a married woman sign it, for example, "Virginia Andrews," exactly as if you were not married; but if it is a business letter, the Mrs. should be put in parenthesis before your name; or, better still, the letter may be written in the third person. This same rule applies to an unmarried woman.

Write a short, crisp letter; a concentration of brightness. It will be much more appreciated than one longer drawn out.

Write as little as possible on the subject of love. Words of love are much better said than written.

Write yourself down a bright, sensible girl, and you will then have written the very best letter that a girl can possibly write.—Ladies' Home Journal.

#### Worst Yet.

Muggins—"What do you think of German cooking?"

Sluggins—"Detestable! Their salads are bad; their cheeses are worse."

Muggins—"And their sausage is wurst."—America.

#### Cheap Home Lands.

Cheap Lands and Homes in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, is the title of a pamphlet issued by D. G. Edwards, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Queen and Crescent Route, Cincinnati, O., containing correct county map and description of Lands along the line. This pamphlet mailed to any address Free on application. The Queen and Crescent Route is 94 miles the shortest between Cincinnati and New Orleans, and 110 miles shortest between Cincinnati and Jacksonville, Fla. Compartment Sleeping Cars on all through trains.

#### Atchison Philosophy.

A thirsty dog takes no time to dream of water.

One of the best men in the world is the man in jail.

Love is an argument that is kept up until one of the two is worsted.

The prettier a thing is the worse it looks after being dragged in the mud.

About the poorest man in the world is the man who is as poor as his excuses.

The good time that is coming travels on foot and makes many long stops on the way.

Man is a sign post; he can point out the right way for others, but he can't go himself.

Be careful of what you do to-day; it will become a yesterday and cause you many regrets.

There are several ways of looking at life, but none of them make it look very comfortable.

Looking before you leap means to count the friends of a man's friends

before telling him your secret.

There is one thing you can always depend upon, and that is that you can never depend upon others.

Love may lighten labor, but the experience of others with poverty goes to show that labor may also lighten love.

The evil a man has done may keep him awake at nights, but the good he is going to do never awakens him early in the morning.

Investigate a man closely who talks a good deal about a lack of opportunity, and you will find a shoemaker who wants to become president of a bank.—Atchison Globe.

#### Generosity that Paid.

Young Mr. de B. is a broker, and like most men of his walk of life, generously disposed. As he left his office one day last week he was accosted by a rough-looking, raggedly-dressed man who requested the gift of fifty cents with which to purchase a dinner.

"Why should I give you fifty cents for your dinner?" asked young Mr. de B. "What claim have you upon me?"

"None," said the beggar. "That is, no more than the hungry and penniless always have upon those who have something to spare."

"Do I look as if I had something to spare?"

"You are a broker," returned the alms-seeker. "I never knew a broker who had nothing to give to a hungry man."

"Why don't you go to work?"

"I may have to if you decline to assist me."

"That is strange. What is your work?"

"I'll tell you. I am a pickpocket, and I have just this afternoon been discharged

from prison. I have no money, no friends. I am, as I have said, hungry. You see what I am brought to. Starvation or crime. If I can get a good dinner I may be able to stave off the other alternative for awhile."

Young Mr. de B. was impressed—naturally so, I think. Putting his hand into his trousers pocket he drew forth a half-dollar and handed it to the ex-convict.

"There," he said, "there is your dinner. I shall be glad if I can save you from crime even for a little while."

At this young Mr. de B. started on his way, but the beggar was at his elbow.

"I say, my friend," said he.

"Well?"

"Would you mind telling me the time?"

"There is the clock in Trinity steeple."

"I know that—but your time. What is it?"

Impatiently Mr. de B. felt for his watch. It was gone.

"I have been robbed!" he cried.

"Precisely," said the ex-convict. "And here is the watch," taking it from the pocket of his greasy coat. "I took it while you were hesitating about giving me the half-dollar. The Lord helps them that helps themselves, but he also helps them as helps others. Take your watch. I don't need it. You got it cheap."

And so saying, the beggar turned and walked down the street, and was soon lost to view.

Then young Mr. de B., replacing his timepiece in his pocket, sauntered homeward, thinking deeply all the while, and thanking his stars that being a broker, he was, like most men in his walk of life, generously disposed.—Chatter.

#### A Disobliging Druggist.

Time 2 A. M. Druggist (to Chappie, who has been ringing on the night bell for nearly an hour)—"Well, sir, what do you want?"

Chappie—"Look in zhe zerrectory (hic) 'n fine out where I (hic) live; damfikin fine f'r (hic) mysel' wher'er live."

Druggist—!!——!!——!!——!!  
—New York Sun.

#### A Severe Test.

Stranger (somewhat inebriated, surveying a plank across a stream)—"Shay, young fel', zhat plank strong nuff t' hol' a fel'?"

Young America—"Try your breath on it."—West Shore.



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Address all communications to J. W. THOMPSON—who has been the chief representative of this Company for Twenty Years.

Good morning  
Have you used  
**PEARS' SOAP?**

#### New Company at the Club.

"How are you coming on?" asked the turnip of the radish.

"Pretty dry," said the radish.

"Have a drop," said the cloud.—Chicago Ledger.

#### Another Impossible Episode.

First Truckman (after the crash)—"Excuse me, sir; it was my clumsiness that caused this most unfortunate accident."

Second Truckman—"Pardon me for contradicting you, but it was more my fault than yours, and I hope you will accept my hearty apology."—The Epoch.

#### A Lucky Stamford Man.

It is safe to say that Mr. M. M. Conroy, of the firm of Conroy & Kelly, No. 5 Manhattan street, considers himself the most fortunate man in Stamford, he having become possessed of \$15,000 all in a lump which he drew in The Louisiana State Lottery at the last drawing, held at New Orleans on June 17th. Mr. Conroy held one-fortieth of ticket No. 59,843, which drew the First Capital Prize of \$600,000. One-fortieth of \$600,000 is, of course, \$15,000, and that is the sum Mr. Conroy has added to his bank account by the investment at a venture of one dollar. A Herald reporter called on Mr. Conroy last evening and asked him if the report was true that he had been so fortunate. "Yes," he replied, "it is a fact that I drew \$15,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery, and I have received the money."

Mr. Conroy naturally feels highly pleased over his good luck, but as he is a quiet, unobtrusive kind of a man he does not display that exuberance of feeling that many would under such pleasing circumstances. The money he has laid by for "a rainy day;" and a very snug sum it is for such a purpose.

Numerous friends of Mr. Conroy, and among them many who doubted the common rumor as to his good luck, have congratulated him on the fact that he was evidently one of Fortune's favorites, some of them expressing the wish that that kind of lightning might strike him twice or more in the same way.—Stamford (Conn.) Herald, July 2.

#### Too Loud.

Mrs. Porcine—"What a lovely rainbow that is!"

Mrs. Chipbeef—"Do you think so?"

"Why, don't you?"

"Oh, I dare say it's all very well; but the colors are too loud for my taste."—America.

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